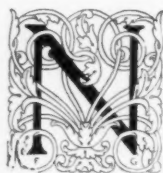




Painted by Henry Reuterdahl

Why Is a Stunt When It's Funny?



NOW and then, just to prove that it can be unusually entertaining as well as merely humorous, JUDGE does something radical, different, unique. This time it is a *Stunt Number*. With the issue of June 4th JUDGE turns a few somersaults and lands on your funny-bone; also it plays the juggler and makes your eyes bulge. There may have been better issues of "The Happy Medium" during its forty years of fun-making, but there never was one so crowded with bizarre and unusual things in text and picture as this *Stunt Number*.

There are some fifty illustrations—drawings and photographs—besides stories, skits, sketches, jokes, poems and things generally, the bulk and quality of which give you that satisfied feeling: the feeling of receiving your money's worth, and then some. The contents of JUDGE not only arrest your eye for speeding but make the cockles of your heart do a jazz waltz on your risibles. That sounds like an excerpt from a surgeon's report, but what we are trying to say is that JUDGE for June 4th is so well worth-while, gives so much sheer enjoyment that we are truly sorry for the man or woman who misses buying a copy.

And buying JUDGE is an easy matter if you tell your newsdealer in advance to keep your copy for you. Usually the new numbers are sold so fast there is a dearth of JUDGE just when you feel the greatest need for it as a mental stimulant.

We suggest the JUDGE habit—it converts misanthropes into genial human beings and is warranted to cure the worst case of grouch after a single application.

Say to your newsdealer: Give me

The Stunt Number of JUDGE

On sale everywhere May 30th

Leslie's

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

Established Dec. 15, 1855
Volume CXXXII,
Number—3423

June 4, 1921

Published by the Leslie-Judge Co.
225 Fifth Avenue, New York.
Subscription Price, \$7 per Year.



PHOTO BY CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

"The American Beauty Type"

Picking the "most beautiful women in America" is not only a difficult but a painful task. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., whose annual "Follies" open this month, has made a professional study of the

subject and describes his methods in an unusually interesting article on page 579 of this issue. Mrs. John Maurice, of New York, whose portrait this is, fits the definition of his ideal.



LESLIE'S

For American Progress, American Ideals,
American Supremacy

EDITORIALS



"Purely European"

INTIMATIONS that the Administration will maintain a "hands-off" attitude toward the Silesian controversy because it is "purely European" in scope have a reminiscential flavor. In the early stages of the World War, unless memory fails us, similar intimations were received from another Administration with respect to that "purely European" quarrel. Subsequent history has inoculated the phrase with irony.

Mr. Armstrong's article in this issue of *LESLIE'S* will enlighten the reader regarding the implications to us of the "war" in Silesia. At this writing it has already split the Allies into hostile camps, a result to which Americans can be anything but indifferent; it is seriously threatening the peace of Europe and therefore the progress of reconstruction there, on which our own economic recovery is so dependent; and with its settlement is bound up the question of German reparation payments, French credit and the payment to us of the many billions owed us in Europe.

Our neutrality under the circumstances appears not only pharisaical, but ridiculous. The sooner we recognize that the civilized world is a unit, that what affects Europe in any such degree is bound to be our affair also, the sooner we will throw the weight of our powerful influence on the side of sanity and order and justice and help make this world a better place to live in—for ourselves!

Boy Scouts

WELLINGTON'S famous remark that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket fields of Eton, when translated into our own language means that Chateau-Thierry was won on the back lots of any city or town, U. S. A., where Tom Jones, Mike Deleahanty, and Tony Cheruchi showed qualities of leadership at "one of 'em cat"—qualities which were later developed in team athletics or Boy Scout hikes.

Whether or not the United States is forced into another conflict, the Boy Scout movement which has lately attracted renewed notice, is one of the best breeders of citizenship which this or any other country has hit upon. A new phase of their activity is the use of Boy Scouts to protect the first model Airway of the United States, which is being laid out between Washington, D. C., and Dayton, Ohio. There are eighty-seven towns along the route, and arrangements are being made through the Scout commander in each district to lay designating landmarks in whitewashed cobblestones near each town. These marks, which can be seen from 5000 feet altitude, are to the nerve-racked pilot as a harbor lighthouse is to an ocean liner; they are beacons of a safe landing-field.

Major John Bartholf, one of the first Americans to cross the continent alone in a single-seater airplane, made a forced landing during the transcontinental race near a little town in Colorado. Night came along, he was desperately in need of rest, but a crowd of souvenir-hunting lovers threatened to pick his car to pieces. A Boy Scout shoved through the crowd and saluted.

"Sir, I am on guard!" Bartholf said later that he took one look at the lad, and rolled over peacefully in his blanket until the same Boy Scout aroused him from a life-saving slumber at dawn.

Perhaps of a holiday morning on the outskirts of your home town you have watched a tramping group of Boy Scouts of America, in khaki shirts and bare knees, with field hats cocked rakishly to one side, as they swing along the road to better citizenship. As they disappear into the woods, you observe them enviously. If your son happens to be one of the group, undoubtedly you are proud of him. And you have a right to be.

English Tributes to Washington

ARACE instinctively honors men after its own kind. Count Witte lauded our secret service. Germans have praised our bankers. Four statues of Washington, to be unveiled in England during the summer, reflect the traditional partiality for the splendor of the masculine virtues enthroned in leadership.

The reverence of Englishmen for the character of Washington resembles our own feelings toward Shakespeare. It is natural for men to be as proud of their blood as of their country. The pride Englishmen feel in Washington is the pride of membership in his race. In repelling the aggressiveness of George III the Colonies did the same service as England in repelling the aggressiveness of William II. Not only does our own expansion begin with our Revolution, but the expansion of the British Empire also. Thus the English are not sentimental only, but practical, in honoring Washington.

The advocate of peace could justly contend that the final endowment of liberty will have been received when all nations honor the highest types of each. This wider patriotism of the understanding was exhibited in our own recent honor to Bolivar. In honoring Washington the English honor themselves. An adversary in life, he is their compatriot for eternity. No effigy in all their Gothic halls—no eulogy on all their towering tombs—so images the highest conceptions of nobility, and the words of the greatest of Englishmen fit him like a prophecy, for truly it might have been said of him: "The elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up, and say to all the world: This was a man."

The Plain Words of Plain Men

EVERY American could profitably read the exchange of letters between Secretary Hughes and Lloyd George regarding our entrance into the Allied Council. The invitation and acceptance are as simple as correspondence about a keg of nails. Not an ambiguous word. Lloyd George uses two sentences. Secretary Hughes four paragraphs. The statement of fact flows as calmly as business across a flat-top desk.

With America in the Council—and with two business men at the board—the days of discursiveness are passing. Two directors like these always ruthlessly tear off the wrappings of procrastination. Their resolution communicates itself to immense masses all over the world and uncertainty crumbles before the vigor of a fixed and final policy.

The two letters are likely to become historic. They deserve to be imbedded in remembrance, for they are tokens of an impending change. Hundreds of millions, reading the words, see between the lines the dawn of a brighter day.

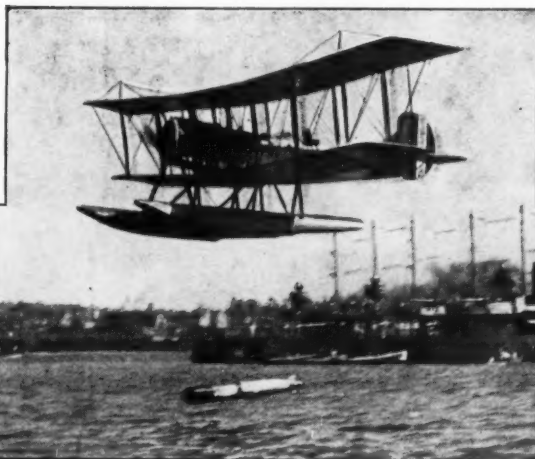
OUR NAVY IN THE AIR

*It Needs Airplanes—Lots of Them—Not to Displace Our Battleships,
But to Help Protect Them*

By HORACE GREEN,
Editor of "United States Air Service"

TODAY the American navy consists of the navy under the sea, the navy on the sea, and the navy above the sea.

Tomorrow's navy, in spite of natural complacent ele-



IN order that John Brown, Ordinary Taxpayer, may visualize this Air Force of the future, he should drop into the War Department or the Navy Department in Washington, or better yet visit



OFFICIAL PHOTO U. S. NAVY

Dropping a dummy torpedo from a naval torpedo plane.

ments which must be educated, will attach more and more importance to the operation of the craft above the sea. Because it is the newest, because it is the branch in which the most rapid developments are being made from day to day, and above all, because the first engagement in the next war will take place in the sky, this navy of the air must receive our serious attention and support.

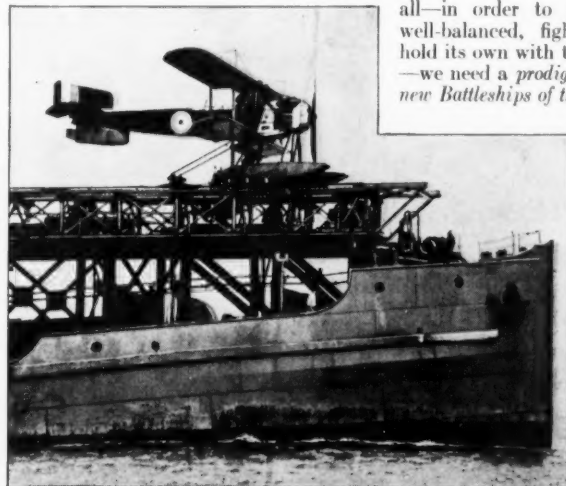
To begin with let us state that we of the Air Clan do not wish to sink the old-time fleet. That sort of talk is rubbish. We need a navy. We need an old-fashioned navy. We need, probably, a completion of the so-called 1916 battleship-building program. But in addition to all and above

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Possibly epoch-marking experiments in the bombing of warships from aircraft with both gas and explosives will be conducted jointly this month by the army and navy off the Virginia Capes. In these experiments the birdmen of the navy will seek eagerly to disprove the remark attributed to General William Mitchell that the navy has no air service worthy the name. On the other hand, they and their flying associates of the army hope to demonstrate by what can be done with the equipment in hand the urgent need to develop the air force of both army and navy to keep pace with the strides made abroad. This article, by Major Green, who was a flyer in the War, points out the need of an adequate naval air service.

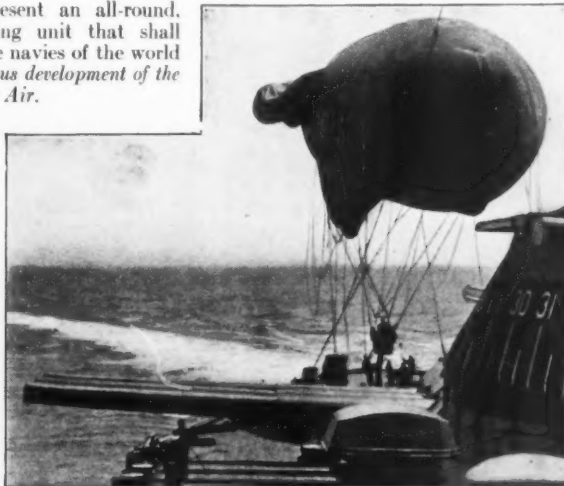
the flying-stations on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Let him talk to the men, in and out of the Service who have lived, worked, traveled, fought—and in some cases have even slept—in that great new element, the air.

Let him hear the stories of the men of the army who have flown across the Continent from coast to coast, and raced races and shot down Huns; of the modern sea captains who have crossed the Atlantic in gas-driven airplanes and dirigible balloons, and to the strange new technical jargon, redolent half of the air and half of the sea, of airports, of aerial torpedo planes, direction-finding radio, voice-controlled flights, high-pressure motors,

all—in order to present an all-round, well-balanced, fighting unit that shall hold its own with the navies of the world—we need a prodigious development of the new Battleships of the Air.



A catapult for launching seaplanes from the deck of the British battleship, H. M. S. Slinger. Some day all battleships will have several.



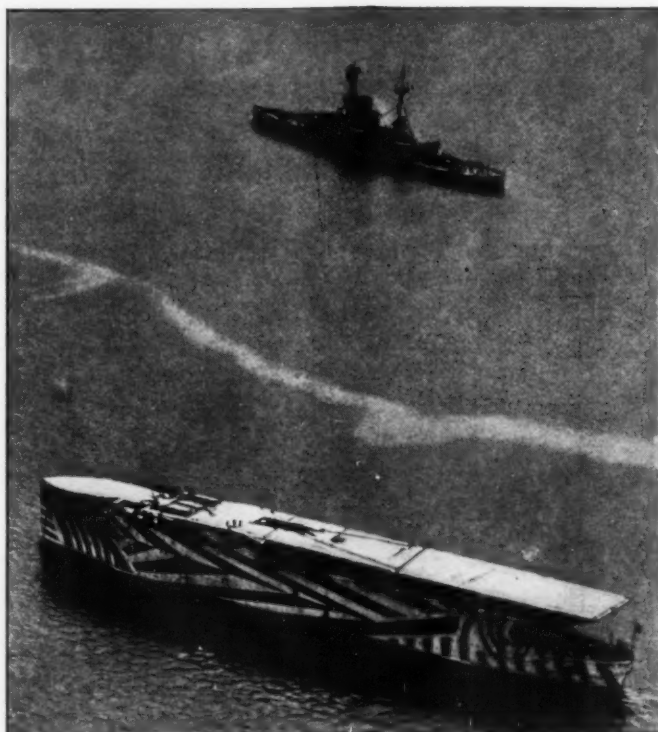
UNDERWOOD

Having been used by observers to spot the effect of shots fired during target practice, a kite balloon is hauled back to the deck of the New Mexico.

the cat-walk of an air-ship, of what England, Germany and Japan are doing under cover—and other matters not proper for the layman ear. The talk is full of fascination, and John Brown, O.T., must beware, lest he himself weigh anchor, let his own business drift to leeward and apply for a berth on one of the great airplane "carriers" which will accompany our new navy to distant ports of call.

For it requires no aeronautical enthusiast to see that the first fight in the next war will be in the clouds above the ocean, and that long before Uncle Sam's first-line battleships come within one another's range, the question of aerial navy supremacy will have to be pretty definitely settled, one way or another. It goes without saying that the only defense against an air fleet of the enemy is a stronger air fleet of one's own, and equally movable. The guns which attempt to shoot down airplanes or any other defense from the ground or from the deck of the vessel—anti-aircraft guns they are called—have comparatively little effect. During the recent "Irritation" against Germany only about one-tenth of one per cent. of the airplanes going over the line in the American Air Service were shot down by anti-aircraft weapons. This does not mean that anti-aircraft weapons are unnecessary. It means that they are really auxiliaries of an air force and can do nothing by themselves.

SO numerous are the duties of our Navy in the air and so rapidly do new inventions and new adaptations of old inventions add to them, that it is hard to state to what great extent aerial warfare will alter the method of sea warfare. The most obvious purpose of sea airplanes is scouting to locate the enemy for hundreds of miles on all sides of the fleet outskirts and patrolling to protect ships from submarines and surprise attack. Had the British merchant marine been accompanied by air scouts during the war, and had they been able to carry, as they will in the



"As the harbor is to an ocean liner, so is the landing-field to an airplane." The craft in the foreground is an airplane "carrier"—an ocean landing-field for bird-men.

future depth bombs, there is little chance that the Kaiser's U-boats would have had a look-in, or at least the "look-in" would have been most disagreeable.

Reports of the enemy can be instantly communicated by radio dots and dashes or by wireless telephone, that is to say, radio telephone, or by direct return of the airships to their base. Spotting and control of big gunfire is another important function of the airplane in connection with the battle fleet. The airplane maneuvers in big circles over the target and can report instantaneously by what margin the gunners have failed to locate the "heart" of the enemy battleship. "Buzz . . . buzz-buzz. Buzz . . . buzz-

buzz" goes the radio; there are some mathematical adjustments at the gunner's end in which cube roots, logarithms and other terrible factors are considered; a bracket is obtained and then—Bang! The target tells its tragic tale.

The part which radio plays is immensely important because the space in the air is so vast and separation from one's companions so easy that in order to enforce any kind of team work, immediate communication is necessary. That uncanny device, radio telephone, does the trick.

Anybody who has ever sat all alone in the cockpit of an airplane, with one hand on the joystick and one eye on the compass trying to get his bearings in a dense fog, many thousand feet above the surface of the earth, and has suddenly heard a well-recognized voice from nowhere say: "Look out! There's a mountain ahead of you," and has swerved

out of course just in time to escape a jagged peak and a consequent home-coming in a pine box, is not inclined to get excited about Sir Oliver Lodge's stories about thought transference. Here is thought transference scientifically conveyed by the hand and brain of man.

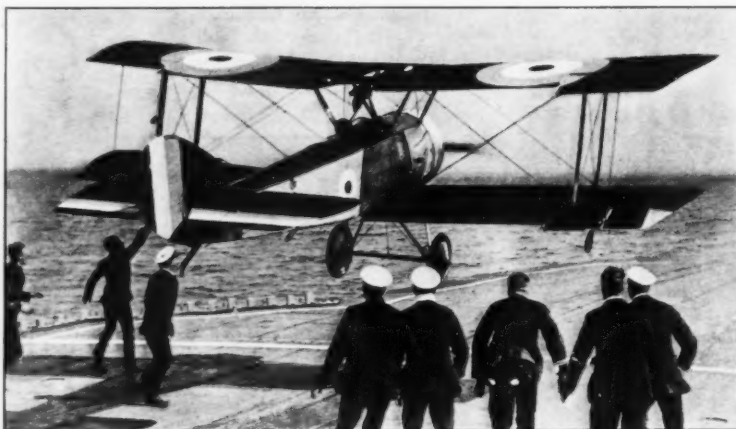
A TRUE story, well known in scientific circles, records the first use of radio telephone during the war in France. Professor W— of Yale University, then in the Reserve Corps, was asked to witness a voice-controlled flight near Romarankin, France. Standing in a hangar on the ground he placed the receiving instrument to his ear. The voice of an unseen person from the clouds spoke a message. The professor turned pale as he dropped the receiver.

"My God," he exclaimed, "that's Professor Peters! He died nine years ago!"

The professor was told that the man speaking was one of the pilots of the 69th Squadron.

Soon the pilot dove from the clouds and walked into the hangar. He proved to be Professor Peters's son!

The comparatively slow planes which do the scouting to locate the enemy, or (Continued pg. 598)



This is probably the most remarkable snapshot ever taken of an airplane landing on the deck of a moving battleship. Airplane and ship are going at the same rate of speed, making it possible for the officers to rush forward and hold the wings of the plane. The pilot seen here made two successful landings on H. M. S. Furious, but was drowned on the third attempt.

THE AMERICAN BEAUTY TYPE

Where and How I Pick the Girls That Make the "Follies" Famous

By

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR.

SELECTING stage beauties would seem to be a very easy matter. Almost any man thinks that he could do it. The average man, however, might pick out the girls that appealed only to him, which is not my job.

I try to bear in mind that taste in beauty varies; there



APRIL
Marion Davies (extreme left), Justine Johnstone (next to Miss Davies), and Clara Kimball Young (number three) form a beauty combination that is hard to beat. However, the other four are by no means outclassed.

PHOTOS BY KEYSTONE, INTERNATIONAL AND WHITE

are many types. When, out of 2000 applicants (all of them more or less attractive, most of them raving beauties in some one's opinion) it is possible to select only fifty or sixty—it becomes a painful experience, a problem that Bernard Shaw ought to analyze.

A few observations of a general nature concerning girls who want to go on the stage, in fact girls of all kinds, have become habits of mind. They are warnings that even an expert should remember.

1. All young girls *try* to look their prettiest.

2. The chief feminine characteristic is—deception.

3. Few girls seem to realize their best points.

4. The girl who doesn't smile may have beauty possibilities.

5. There's "something" wrong about



WHITE

After applying all the beauty tests of which you are cognizant, which trio here would you pronounce the most attractive? Mr. Ziegfeld, who, if any

one is, is a good judge, chose Nos. 3, 4 and 13. He did so because they alone stood all of the severe beauty tests which he has carefully evolved.

the girl who insists upon showing her profile—make her turn round.

From these brief suggestions it is easy to see that the "beautiful girl" must be a complex of one's imagination and observation.

Here are a few suggestions of what she should be:



CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Miss Frances Fairchild, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fairchild, of New York and Boston. She was picked by E. O. Hoppe as one of our greatest beauties.

1. The tall, slender figure is the 1922 model.
2. The dainty miniature girl is much wanted for the stage.
3. Slim ankles are imperative.
4. Few girls understand the most becoming way to wear the hair.
5. Education is absolutely necessary; it gives a refinement to beauty.
6. Ability for the stage is not entirely a matter of limbs and clothes.



CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Mrs. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, regarded by many as the most beautiful woman in America. She has the English type of beauty rare—in this country.

7. The streets downtown, at lunch hour, are filled with the "Follies" types of girl.

The American girl, from the age of seventeen to twenty-one or two, is a potential beauty. Subtract her bad

points, her lack of beauty-intelligence, her obvious effort to imitate "smart women," her atrocious habit of kalsomining the face—and the remaining total is youth, high-spirits, and a mind that would improve with proper environment. This is the average American girl, not the college-bred, nor the rich, nor the morally twisted type—just the sort of girl you find in the office after a high-school education,



CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Miss Olga Dahlgren, daughter of Mrs. Drexel Dahlgren, of New York and Newport. Says Mr. Ziegfeld: "The 1922 beauty is a tall, slender lily-girl with the splendor of the rose and the challenge of the extravagant orchid in her make-up."

and a business college course, such as one gets in any small town.

Many of the "Follies" girls are recruited from the office buildings. Go down to Wall Street any noon hour and you'll see more beautiful women than in any other city in the world.

The ideal example of American beauty, the most impressive, the woman whom I

should choose as displaying in the highest degree patrician poise, charm, intelligence and grace is Mrs. Lydig Hoyt. She is my idea for the 1922 girl. Mrs. Hoyt happens to be a woman in society, but I do not regard her environment as important. The same qualities of aristocratic bearing, of beautiful features



CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Mrs. Ogden Mills, one of the most prominent women in the East. "Real beauty," says Mr. Ziegfeld, "is never self-conscious: it blooms without effort."

with the embellishment of a natural artistic aptitude, are to be found in many other stratas of feminine existence. The office girl does not neglect the graces of life, her birth-right to beauty is equal with that of the woman in society. It has been demonstrated in my own experience many times.

A young girl who was earning \$75 a week as the private secretary of a prominent financial man down-town applied for a position in



APEDA

A lovely type that comes from the stage, which possesses far more really beautiful women than does society. Culture is a sine qua non of beauty, says Mr. Ziegfeld.

the "Follies." She was not a type that appealed to me, but she had a sister who was earning only \$30 a week as a stenographer, who was a real beauty. She had those qualities of face and figure that are

born to adorn the stage. Neither of them was stage-struck. It just happened that through certain personal channels they reached my office as applicants. While most of the girls whom I see are eager to get on the stage, there are some who come out of curiosity, always with the secret expectation that their beauty

All this has brought about a fusion of beauty talents in her that she never suspected. She has gathered impetus in character and confidence that gives her some resemblance to the women in society. Every girl wants to look beautiful; it is a pathological virtue. Of course women in society have the best training for beauty, the background of clothes, money, leisure and care.

lovely features, makes all she can of them, anywhere.

The reason why I ask girl applicants to wear practice-clothes is so that their imperfections may be emphasized. Even an expert can be deceived by the slight inflection of clothes. It does happen that a girl walks into my office and is



CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Mrs. John Barrymore, formerly Mrs. Leonard Thomas. Previous to her marriage to Mr. Thomas she was Blanche Oelrichs. Many artists have painted her.

may become standardized in the "Follies."

I wanted only the prettiest of the two sisters, but they refused to be separated. So I took them both, putting one in the back row, where she would be less conspicuous. This happened a year ago, and the sister who was earning \$30 a week pounding a typewriter is now a raving beauty.

Doubtless through the skill which comes with long practice in making



WHITE

"The 'Follies-girl,' whether blonde or brunette, tall or petite, is the American girl disciplined in the culture of beauty. She is everywhere about you," says Mr. Ziegfeld.

improvements upon beauty in the raw, this girl has benefited by my direction. She has changed the style of wearing her hair, she understands clothes, she has learned to dance, which has given her added grace.



CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

"The ideal example of American beauty, the most impressive, the woman whom I should choose as displaying in the highest degree patrician poise, charm, intelligence and grace is Mrs. Lydig Hoyt." Mrs. Hoyt has recently entered the movies.

After looking at thousands of girls who have passed on parade in front of me I rarely fail to discern the possible beauty from the impossible. On the stage there are many requirements that seem unnecessary to the general idea of what a pretty woman should look like, but, the fact is that the girl with beautiful legs and arms, slim ankles, slender figure,



CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

For many years Baltimore has been producing lovely women. Miss Eleanor C. D. Carter is an excellent example of what the fine old Southern city can do.

engaged on the spot. I can usually tell after a short conversation whether, in addition to the obvious graces of figure, she has an agility of mind, that is to say, an artistic sympathy for the theater plus a refinement of speech and manner. When a girl is asked what she has done on the stage and she ends her story with "and the like o' that," she won't do. Though I am not examining her for her grammar, I expect it to be included in the bargain.



CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Mrs. Van H. Cartmell, Jr., formerly Miss Dorothy Post Clapp. Mr. Ziegfeld would undoubtedly accord her a prominent place in the Hall of Beauty.

A glance at the photograph taken at one of our trials will be enlightening. This group represents a selection made by Mr. Royce, my stage manager, which he
(Concluded on page 599)

WHEN Adacker discharged his secretary because she asked for \$2.00 more a week, it wasn't the money—so much, he told himself—as it was the principle of the thing. The next one, Ladena Vaile, was different. When she walked into his office, he mistook her for a customer. Never in his life would he have dreamed she was looking for a job, at the wages he so unwillingly paid.

"Well, good morning!" he greeted her, swinging a chair around.

"I am here to see about working for you," she said.

"What!" he exclaimed, wondering if his courtesy had been too elaborate.

"Yes."

"But I couldn't pay fifty a week!"

"I understand that, perfectly," she replied, with a touch of scorn, too. "What could you pay?"

Adacker hesitated. Here was a new one, and very suspicious. Probably, he reflected, she was just one of those stool-pigeon stenographers, come to find out where he kept pearls, and when he had a lot of money on him, convenient to hold him up. His indignation was tempered by his fear of making a mistake. She would give him off a front.

"Perhaps I could pay \$20 a week," he ventured, which was exactly the amount his next previous secretary had asked for.

"I am not a \$20 a week worker," she replied, "and I must tell you I have a special object in desiring to work for Mr. Adacker. I want to study pearls."

"Is that right?" he beamed. "Perhaps you are going into the business, eh?"

"As to that, probably not. I might, later."

"Well, now, Miss Vaile, you know—"

"I know that, too," she replied. "You require especially good references. These I have, of course. Also, the Employees Guarantee will vouch for me."

The Employees Guarantee rated her "A" throughout. She came straight from the Wares & Products Bank, with a personal note from the president to Mr. Adacker, which caused that worthy to gasp.

"You can have the job, Ladena!" he exclaimed. "But the fresh-water pearl trade ain't what it's cracked up to be. Some people have a lot of sentiment about pearls, which makes good business, but it is the same as buying junk, and may be find a good painting in it, sometimes—just dollars and cents, like any kind of trading."

"Yes?" she hung up her hat.

"Liking pearls is all right," he said, seriously, "but it takes judgment to buy them, to sell for a profit. Here is two saucer pink baroques. Look! First



She seized the pear-shaped pendant

A SPORTING CHANCE

By RAYMOND S. SPEARS

one, then the other. Just alike, eh? But now see, side by side; this one has lustrous nacre, shiny, nice, if I am selling it to somebody, I show him both. But this other one, see, is dead almost chalky—but smooth, and good, too; I show it alone, or beside one like this, which is worse yet."

"But both are beautiful!" she breathed.

"One is \$10 beside the other, which is \$100. But I get \$125, perhaps, for one, and \$15, perhaps, for the other, if I don't hurry too much."

He showed her a \$300 pink and a \$300 lilac; he amazed her with a nearly grass-green \$800 pearl of the same size. She knew she had entered upon the romance of the pearl business, while Adacker saw his office transformed by the presence of a hundred-dollar secretary working for \$20 a week. He couldn't exactly believe it, and went prowling around with suspicion always in his heart, tormenting him—but his occasional customer, the president of Wares & Products, assured him Ladena Vaile was all right.

"She has made money, you know," the banker said. "She can afford to indulge a whim. Personally, I told her it was mighty poor business."

"But good for me!" Adacker grinned. "Gee! A \$100 girl for twenty!"

"What are these books and papers and things?" Miss Vaile inquired of a dozen bookcases crammed with printed matter, hit or miss.

"JUST a lot of stuff," Adacker shrugged his shoulders. "The Bureau of Fisheries sent some kid professors to find pearls and button-shell beds for us in the business, so there is reports they made. You take them button-makers and they set up a holler for the government to raise shells for them, like you raise carrots, and so they hatch 'em out, under hens, I think, to make more reports. Then experts write books about pearls, for which I got to pay good money. I bet I got ten-fifteen dollars in just what clammers wrote about fishing for shells. And a swell gem expert, and another feller, write a twenty-five dollar book about pearls. Then somebody write a scientific book, too, another two dollars. That's the way the money goes, Ladena. But I don't read 'em. That's where I get the best of 'em. Maybe they take money out of my pocket, but they don't fill my head with no d—d nonsense. You bet not! Business and literachewer is two different things."

"And sentiment, too, is something else again?" she inquired, gravely.



and laid it against her skin.

IN PEARLS

Illustrations by W. K. STARRETT

"You bet!" he declared, with emphasis. "Let the customer have the sentiment. That's what ails Ermale, in New York. You watch him sell a pearl, some time. If he sell to a just-right lady, he lose maybe a hundred on a trade, so she will buy for sure. And it hurts him to sell to some woman he says don't love pearls, but abuses 'em. He talks like pearls have feelings like a canary bird."

Adacker, going about his affairs, almost immediately felt the expense of his new secretary. She forced him to buy a new chair, and he had to tip the scrubwoman and janitor, because she had everything cleaned up. The outrage that left him speechless was a bill from a book bindery, for putting covers on government documents which he scorned so. She also clipped the pearl material from magazines and newspapers, filing them, which cost a lot of money, too. She worked so fast with his business, mail and the rest, that more than half the time she was reading his books and pamphlets. She didn't work, he estimated, more than two hours a day, which was better than a dollar an hour that he paid her for, really.

"But she sticks around," he mused, easing his feeling of extravagance.

Then he had to go to New York. He must take some good pearls, though

small, and some big baroques, not very lustrous, to the great market. He did not like to spend the carfare, but he did like the Metropolis. To do business, being on the job, he would rather be in Chicago; he would go to Memphis, Kansas City, or even New Orleans to buy fresh-water pearls, but to sell them—New York!

"DON'T waste any stamps," he warned the young woman impressively. "And time is money, you know. Maybe, when I am away, something big happens, and you be on the job. Don't mix me up in nothing. The margin is close in the pearl business, and we can't make any bad breaks."

He felt the need of his warnings. He must be watchful of this girl. She was cheap in wages, and she had put his office into good-looking order, but she had had a lot of abalone shells polished and put up around, just to look pretty. He was afraid customers would think he was making a million dollars just from the appearance of his office, she made it look so prosperous. He wouldn't have minded that, only she was spending money.

He went to New York, and lost money by it. Instead of making 25 per cent. or even 50 per cent. on his pearls and baroques, he made only 11 per cent.

net, after all expenses and overhead. He felt poor, imposed upon, and then received a telegram when paged at his hotel. He just knew it was from her, and he had a misgiving, like a man falling out of a third-story window, when he opened it. She had pre-paid the message, of course, but he would pay for it in the next telephone bill.

He skipped the name, address, time received and those superfluous things;

"Letter here from Fallen Cypress Creek, Fla., saying has found lot of red clam-shell pearls; wants to know value. Address, Tom Masone, Fallen Cypress, Florida. Signed, Ladena Vaile."

"Now ain't that just like a fool stenographer!" Adacker stormed. "Here I will be home tomorrow night, ready for business Friday, and she sends a telegram, by daytime. One, two, three—twenty-six words, and *Fallen Cypress* and *Florida* all repeated, about six words too much, besides, costing money! You can't hire anybody, now, that has a sense of saving money for the boss! I am sick. She's a hummer—spending money! And about red pearls, too, and from Florida! Who ever heard of Florida clam-shell pearls in Fallen Cypress Creek? I feel like I would go out of business."

He told his woes to sympathetic pearl brokers, went to a movie matinee, ate some fine oysters, right out of the shell, and begrudged the money. He could have had all for the price of the telegram! On the way to Chicago he lost hours of sleep, worried by the girl's extravagance, which wasted the sleeping-car fare, too. He was dollars behind from her folly. Of course, the money wasn't so much, but the principle! The possibilities of what a girl like that might do if she had the notion threatened to involve him in hundreds, perhaps, as she was his agent.

"Watch me show her what she is doing to my bank account!" he told himself.

SHE was in the office, her desk all clean, shiny, and looking like big business, when the boss didn't feel that way at all. She turned eagerly to greet him, but he gave her no chance.

"Look here!" he cried, waving the paper till it crackled. "What for did you send this wasteful telegram? Look at those surplus words! See the expense of it, and I was coming today, anyhow, only day after tomorrow and you are such a fool you did not wait! I—"

"What!" she stared at him, turning with ominous feminine calm. "I thought you would wish to go immediately to Fallen Cypress!"

(Continued on page 600)

GETTING NEARER TO AN ELIXIR OF LIFE?

The Tissues of a Chicken's Heart, Nine Years in Solution, Are Alive Today

By HERWARD CARRINGTON, PH.D.

ALL through the ages men have endeavored to prolong their lives and to discover some medicine or "elixir" which would enable them to live indefinitely. While this has not yet been discovered, in the sense in which the word has been understood, it is true that we have learned ways of prolonging life, so that the average length of life is being continually extended.

One of the most remarkable discoveries in this connection is that certain tissues of the body, if kept in the proper solutions, in which suitable salts have been dissolved, will, so far as we can see, live on forever, and continue to increase and multiply.

On January 17, 1912, sixteen small fragments of the heart of an embryo chicken were removed by Dr. Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, New York. Some of these died, but five of them lived on, and continued to divide and grow. Under suitable stimuli these pieces of heart continued to pulsate or "beat" for 104 days, though they were mere fragments of heart, which had been removed from the chick before birth. At the end of 104 days these active beatings or pulsations ceased. But the cells and tissues forming them continued to live on, and they are still alive after more than nine years, and are actively continuing to grow and multiply in an apparently normal fashion!

PRIOR to these experiments it had always been thought that one's heart pulsated because of certain impulses conveyed to it along the proper nerves. While this is doubtless true, it has also been discovered that certain salts, in solution in the blood, or in the fluid in which the heart is placed, will also cause pulsations. It is due to these salts that life is apparently maintained in the heart after its removal from the body.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this epoch-making discovery is that the tissues have continued not only to live, but to increase in size and to multiply, and the rate of this growth has been accurately measured. It has indeed been found that older specimens continued to grow more rapidly than those which had been recently removed!

Many writers have contended that the tissues of the body are inherently immortal and destined to live forever, if disease were avoided and suitable conditions

for their continued growth and health were provided. It is indeed not altogether understood

which existed from the very origin of life. Speaking of this, Dr. H. S. Jennings in his book, "Life and Death in Unicellular Organisms," says:

"The continuity of life in the infusoria (simple forms of organisms) is in principle much like that in ourselves, though with differences in details. As individuals, the infusoria do not die save by accident. Those that we now see under our microscopes have been living ever since the beginnings of life; they come from division of previously existing individuals. But in just the same sense, it is true for ourselves that everyone that is alive now has been alive since the beginning of life. This truth applies at least to our *bodies* that are alive now; every cell in all our bodies is a piece of one or more cells that existed earlier, and thus our entire body can be traced in an unbroken chain as far back into time as life goes. . . . From our own personal point-of-view it seems unfortunate that the mass of cells which is next to wear out and is left behind in the chain of life is that with which we ourselves seem to be bound up; but certain samples of our cells may continue to live indefinitely, like the infusorian."

These facts give us new light upon the possible prolongation of life and point to the conclusion that if we could fully understand the changes going on within the cells of the body we might prolong their lives for a very considerable period, or almost indefinitely.

GREAT possibilities are here opened up, and it seems within the realm of possibility that we may, at some future date, discover something very like an "elixir of life" which may have the power of prolonging our bodily existence for very long periods of time.

One of the interesting features of Dr. Carrel's experiments is the motion-picture record of various phases of his "chicken heart" researches. These micro-cinematographs, which were made by Alessandro Fabbri, were exhibited recently before the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. One reel showed the beating heart of a chicken five days dead. Others showed tissue cells branching out with new growths; also moving groups of cells and growing tissue and the protoplasm in a living cell. Those who attended the demonstration beheld the strange spectacle of tissue cells revealed through the microscope and, enormously magnified, growing before their eyes on the motion-picture screen.



Dr. Alexis Carrel, who for years has been startling the world with his experiments which tend to prove that life can be prolonged indefinitely.

why we die at all—seeing that the body is a mechanism which has somehow learned to repair and restore itself, and in view of the fact that new material is constantly being supplied to it in the form of food. From this point-of-view, therefore, the body of a man 80 years old should be as young as that of a baby 8 days old, and it is only the ill-understood degenerative changes which take place in the cells which cause aging and death.

It has been pointed out that certain classes of the lower organisms never die. They are potentially immortal! A single mother cell splits or divides, by "fission," as we call it, into two daughter cells, which grow; and each of these, in turn, redivides into two more cells, and so on forever. There is never any "corpse" left.

HIGHER in the scale of evolution, however, reproduction is not brought about in this way, but rather by the conjugation of two cells, and it is at this stage that the first beginnings of sex are found. Thenceforward reproduction is invariably produced by sexual conjugation instead of mere splitting or fission of the single cell.

Another important discovery bearing on this question is that the living matter forming our bodies is the *same* living matter



Frederick Roy Martin

FREDERICK ROY MARTIN
The New Head of the Associated Press

Drawn from Life Especially for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, by Albert Rosenthal

Nine years ago Mr. Martin resigned his position as publisher and editor of the Providence Journal to become the chief assistant of Melville E. Stone, the veteran general manager of the Associated Press. Mr. Stone, having been made "manager emeritus" of the great newsgathering organization, Mr. Martin has stepped into the position made vacant. He was born

at North Stratford, N. H., November 17, 1871, and is a Harvard graduate, class of '93. His first newspaper training he received on the old Boston Journal. During the Spanish-American War his brilliant work as a reporter in Porto Rico brought him into prominence, and his later work with the Providence Journal added very considerably to his national fame.

WHEN THE LEVEE BROKE IN ARKANSAS



U. S. KIME CO.

THE other day the White River levee, about twelve miles north of Georgetown, Arkansas, gave way. What happened to the town of McClelland when the waters inundated it and forced its inhabitants to seek high ground is strikingly shown by the snapshots on this page. Three counties were flooded. Fortunately no lives were lost; but many houses were washed away, hundreds of head of cattle were lost, and thousands of acres of cotton-land covered with water.



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SILESIA ANOTHER FIUME

The Struggle for Her Coal-Mines Involves the Conflicting Passions and Ambitions of an Explosive Europe

By HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG



KEYSTONE

Just before the recent plebiscite was held in Upper Silesia, Berlin became very excited. Day and night orators spouted endlessly, and many parades, like this one, to protest against Poland's claims to any part of Silesia were enthusiastically staged all over Germany.

THE fight in Silesia bids fair to surpass even the famous Adriatic dispute in duration and bitterness. In fact, the shade of d'Annunzio has risen up again to plague us, for the Polish leader, Korfanty, is very evidently patterning his procedure on that of the poet who perched so long on "the pinnacle of sacred fame" at Fiume. His motto is to let the statesmen of Paris and London talk to their hearts' content, provided they leave him and his legionaries to do the acting. What will be the outcome of the armed clash is still uncertain at the moment of writing, and probably will remain uncertain for some time if the Supreme Council and the other agencies which claim to be competent to handle the situation follow their normal, leisurely course.

It is a grotesque turn of the wheel that makes many of the Allied commanders in the Silesian plebiscite zone ready to call even on German troops for aid in resisting the aggressive Polish bands who, forsaking all arguments save that of force, are endeavoring to establish their claims to a large slice of the



The names of towns which gave German majorities in the plebiscite on Palm Sunday are shown underscored; the names of those which returned Polish majorities appear in boxes. Polish insurgent troops now occupy the south-east corner of the disputed province, where are located the chief mines and industries. Clashes have been reported as occurring daily between them and the Allied police troops. "Greed and patriotism, treachery and fidelity, racial hate and racial pride, combine to make distressed Silesia one of the worst samples of confused politics in Europe."

debated territory. Such a topsy-turvy situation can be understood only by remembering the underlying methods of reasoning followed by the chief Allied powers. Rather crudely put, they are somewhat as follows:

England, foreseeing a Polish rapprochement with Russia when once the Bolshevik régime crashes, and unwilling to handicap too heavily the paying capacity of her Teutonic debtor, is loth to strengthen Poland further at the expense of Germany. France, on the other hand, is prepared to sacrifice some chances of worming a full indemnity payment out of Germany if only she can establish a strong ally on Germany's eastern flank, and to that end is working vigorously to broaden Poland's sphere of influence and enlarge her material resources. Italy became embroiled in the Silesian dispute mainly because she was unwilling to sacrifice the prestige that goes with acting as one of the chief Powers in all Allied undertakings; but she has been less and less able to muster up enthusiasm, for the Poles, realizing that to strengthen too much any

Slav unit may be to strengthen in the end her Balkan trade rival, Yugoslavia, who is certain to hold a prominent place in any future Pan-Slav federation.

Poland and Germany, rival contenders for the coal and iron and zinc of Silesia, have been quick to sense who are their respective protagonists. It is reported that many German owners have been rapidly transferring their capital holdings in Silesian industries to British firms, in order to enlist the active support of the latter on their side; while undoubtedly the Poles have consummated a series of similar deals with French financiers. So it happens that the dispute is much more than a local disagreement as to who shall own a few hundred square miles of mining and farming land. In the development of the game (which like all international pastimes often suddenly merges in tragedy), we can trace the handwork of each of the Great Powers and learn how it endeavors to manipulate *la haute politique* to its particular advantage.

Precisely as the Allied Governments differ as to the proper way out of the Silesian blind-alley, so the various press correspondents stationed in the neighboring capitals report the moves engineered by their chosen protégés as spontaneous patriotic uprisings against the threat of alien tyranny, while contrary movements are painted as carefully engineered intrigues, the product of evil propagandas financed with enemy gold, designed to wipe out the last vestiges of freedom for the inhabitants of the martyred district.

Between the conflicting reports the reader is free to make his own choice. The fact of the matter probably is that both contentions are true. The best and worst motives are involved. Greed and patriotism, treachery and fidelity, racial hate and racial pride, combine to make distressed Silesia one of the worst samples of confused politics in Europe—a Europe whose chief characteristics at present are politics and confusion.

Before referring to the immediate reasons for the present fighting in Silesia, it may be well to tell briefly why it is that this district, in size not much bigger than the State of Connecticut, should be able to keep Europe on the very verge of war and constitute one of the prime factors delaying the German reparations settlement, which is generally agreed to be a prerequisite to any sort of stability in the world.

for the industries of a neighboring country has played an important part in the discussions about Silesia. It is forgotten that political frontiers are not, in ordinary life, the arbiters of trade and industry; they become so in war, and sometimes they are made to serve political ends even in times of peace, but it is a fallacy to assume that ordinarily raw materials follow any channel of distribution save

that of supply and demand. Poland, it happens, supplies almost 70 per cent. of the lumber used in Silesian mines, and her phosphate ores constitute Silesia's chief fertilizer supply. In turn, 42 per cent. of Poland's pre-war coal came from Silesia. Now, no matter how the territorial dispute is settled those products will naturally tend to be used as before, and will be exchanged according to economic law.

It is not unnatural that in their excitement the rival propagandists should be unable or unwilling to admit this, with the result

that a perplexing and contradictory array of facts is constantly being adduced to influence the would-be impartial observer. But from the economic point of view neither the extreme Polish nor German argument is quite sound.

The plebiscite in Silesia held on Palm Sunday under Allied auspices was won by Germany. Taking the province of Upper Silesia as a whole the adherents of Germany were found to number something like 716,000, while those who voted for annexation to Poland numbered 471,000. To offset this unwelcome result the Poles point out two important facts. They state that of the 245,000 German majority all but about 45,000 were "out-voters," i.e., former inhabitants of Silesia who had been temporarily brought back by the German authorities for the sole purpose of voting in the plebiscite. They claim that in equity the votes of these persons, who have no stake in the permanent prosperity of the province, should count less than the votes of the regular

(Concluded on page 606)



KEYSTONE

Representatives of the great powers who have been endeavoring to prevent further trouble. They are (left to right): Colonel Du Parquet, Chief of the French Military Commission; John Gade, head of the American Diplomatic Commission; General Burt, head of the British Military Commission

One solitary economic fact would of itself be sufficient to account for the intensity of passion with which Poland and Germany enter into the Silesian dispute even if all the important racial, historic and cultural factors were eliminated from consideration. The coal deposits of Silesia contain more coal than all the other fields of Poland put together, and constitute a full quarter of all the coal resources of the former German Empire. Each state therefore proclaims that it would be crippled and condemned to perpetual vassalage were this essential adjunct of its economic life cut off by an arbitrary frontier. Heroic memories and sentimental considerations of language and kinship are called into play by either side to influence the wavering population and impress outsiders; but the real crux of the dispute is economic, and it will be settled by the Allies, if they are to have any hand in settling it, with economic reasons chiefly in mind.

The superstition that the economic resources of one country are not available



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The "Deutsches Haus," an hotel at Kattowitz, after a mob of German sympathizers had paid it a visit.



KEYSTONE

French tanks were everywhere in Silesia during the plebiscite. They are still there. These were snapped in Kattowitz.

HOW MUCH WILL THE PRESIDENT SAVE?

By RICHARD BARRY



This article reveals some intimate and extremely interesting facts about the household finances of the White House, and explains the official perquisites that are always enjoyed by those who occupy it.

Mr. Barry presents a basis for judgment regarding the Presidential Pension Plan now before Congress, which aims to provide our Ex-Chief Executives with sufficient means to insure dignified retirement.

© UNDERWOOD
A rather unusual view of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, officially known as the Executive

Mansion and popularly referred to for generations as the White House. It is rent free.

THERE was formerly in Washington an old attaché of the White House, now passed to some other sphere of economics. Once I asked him, "Is it true that Hayes was so frugal that he managed to save \$6,000 a year out of his salary as President?"

This wise old servitor, grown gray in the service of our temporary American sovereigns, replied abruptly "Haven't you got that turned about? I guess you mean he spent \$6,000 a year of his salary."

Which recalled the saying that was outworn in the Metropolitan Club years ago and attributed to William M. Evarts. Each era has its wit. We are now along toward the close of the epoch of Joe Cannon. Before him came Tom Reed. And his predecessor was Evarts—which was a long time ago.

These men, by a process of natural selection, become fame's heirs to most of the epigrams of their time. Some originate with them, and a lot more are attributed to them. Some writer or speaker, not quite sure of his own authority, and wishing to lend a name to an expression, either one of his own or one that he has

borrowed elsewhere, reaches out with a certain amount of audacity and quotes as his inspiration the chief wit of the epoch. He bolsters up his quip with "as Joe Cannon said," or "as Tom Reed once said," or "as Will Evarts was wont to remark." And, as no man is ever willing to deny the authorship of a bright saying, thus deserved fame crystallizes into vicarious celebrity.

Which is by the wayside, and only to explain that I did not hear Evarts say this, and only heard someone say that he heard that Evarts once replied to a caller who asked him why he looked so cheery that morning, "Because I dined at the



© KEYSTONE
Mr Harding is not worried by the H. C. of L.

White House last night and the water flowed like champagne."

Which occurred in the reign of Hayes, and is only a bit of collateral gossip to confirm the direct evidence of the old attaché.

If it is true that Hayes spent only \$6,000 a year of his salary, which is quite possible, for it must always be remembered that a President is obliged to buy only food and clothing, as everything else is furnished him free by the Government, it is then also true that he saved \$44,000 a year. The salary was then \$50,000, having been raised in the preceding administration from \$25,000.

And if Hayes saved \$44,000 a year, he had at the end of his four years a tidy little sum of \$176,000 as a souvenir of his Chief Magistracy of the nation. And, if he invested this at five per cent., which was a fair and safe interest rate during his time, he enjoyed for the balance of his days from his presidential savings an income of \$8800 per annum.

This, of course, is partially speculation, and is based, as one can see, on information not entirely infallible.

(Continued on page 592)

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN WASHINGTON, D. C.,

A Striking View of the Seat of American Government, as It Looks from an Airplane



U. S. AIR SERVICE FROM KEYSTONE

The white-domed Capitol building looms up in the center; at the right is the House of Representatives Office Building; just above this to the right is the Congressional Library; a little beyond the Capitol dome is the Senate Office Building; beyond this is the Gateway to Washington—the Union Station; and the

think M
work is

FROM THE TOPSIDE? NO? WELL, HERE IT IS

Looking Down on Capitol Hill, Where Congress Meets and Performs Its Arduous Labors.



PHOTO RIGHT © UNDERWOOD

Build- think Mr. Harding spends much time in the Capitol. He does not. Most of his work is done either in the White House proper or in the Executive Offices.



How Much Will the President Save?

(Continued from page 589)

The undeniable fact remains that we have not had a President since Grant who did not leave the White House better off financially than when he entered it. At the same time I am sure that no man, from Washington to Harding, ever made a dishonest dollar out of the Presidency.

Take the list following Hayes. Garfield was in office only five months before he died, but Arthur who succeeded him for three and a half years is believed to have saved over \$50,000 in that time. He entertained liberally. Indeed, that is practically the only way, aside from gifts, in which a President can spend money.

Cleveland went into the White House a poor man; he retired to private life with a competence. A large part of this estate he acquired through wise investment at the behest of his friend, the financier, E. C. Benedict, but the initial capital came from his savings from the presidential salary.

Benjamin Harrison is believed to have spent only about half of his salary.

McKINLEY went to Washington in debt. During his five and a half years as President he managed to pay off his debts, and on his death Mrs. McKinley was found to be adequately provided for.

Roosevelt saved money in the Presidency. Just how much is not known, but he was a frugal man. He received, during his lifetime, in legacies from his father and other relatives, sums that aggregated between \$175,000 and \$200,000. His estate, on his death, amounted to very nearly a million dollars. While in his later years he received a handsome income from his writings, his savings were partially represented by accumulations laid aside during his seven years in the White House.

Taft was in debt when he became President. After four years he was out of debt and had a little money laid by.

What was the Presidency worth in cash to Woodrow Wilson? We know that previously to 1912 he had practically nothing, and that early in 1921 he bought a residence in the city of Washington and paid for it \$150,000, all in cash or its equivalent. At the same time he is planning to spend a similar amount on a country home, and is so independent that he can casually refuse an offer of \$250,000 for a book on the Peace Conference. And this is the man who twenty years before had applied to the Carnegie Fund for a pension.

It is true that Mrs. Wilson has a small fortune, but no such amount as is indicated here. The fact is that Mr. Wilson was the most frugal man who has lived in the White House since Hayes, and, in some respects, his record in that regard surpasses the earlier régime. Mr. Wilson entertained very little during his second term. To begin with, there was the death of the first Mrs. Wilson; then came the war; then resulted Mr. Wilson's illness. Each of these events shut down Executive entertaining to the barest minimum. One person who ought to know estimated for the writer that during the eight years of the Wilson occupancy of the White House the average cost of the food consumed there was not over \$1,000 a month.



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Brig. Gen. Charles E. Sawyer, whose business it is to keep Mr. Harding in good physical condition. "Like every man, the Chief Executive requires a family physician, but, instead of paying one, he either chooses a Government employee and attaches him to the White House, or appoints his favorite to office. Mr. Wilson made his physician an admiral in the navy; Mr. Harding has made his a general in the army."

ings enjoy company of all kinds, and the latchstring with them is ever out. Even so, it is hard to see how they can fail to retain something of a nest-egg out of that monthly check for \$6250.

For it must be remembered that Uncle Sam is not at all stingy with his first citizen. The old gentleman is not so liberal as is England with her Premier or as is France with her president. However, for a parsimonious Yankee the old gentleman does rather well.

Consider the emoluments.

First, there is that charming residence at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. A real-estate dealer would exact a pretty penny if he could put that on the market. The old Corcoran house, across Lafayette square, used to get \$6,000 a year rent, and

it occupied only a twelfth of the ground and was not so favorably located, although in the same neighborhood, as 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. If the Corcoran house was worth \$6,000 a year, the White House is worth \$60,000, at least.

The latter, although of an antiquated architecture, is thoroughly modernized and up to date. It has eight master's bedrooms, each with a private bath, and eleven servants' rooms, with three baths. Moreover, it has its own conservatory, stocked with the choicest plants and flowers that can be furnished by the Department of Agriculture, where, among other rare specimens, may be found a black orchid, of which there are only two in existence, the other belonging to the collection of the former Kaiser and now kept by the German Government in the palace at Potsdam.

The architecture at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, though of the antiquated Colonial type, is preferred by some persons to any of the later imported models, and, even though it may offend a sophisticated taste, it is still comfortable and homelike. And, of its kind, it is a first-class model.

When it comes to outbuildings, Uncle Sam again has done rather well. He has not only provided a garage capable of accommodating ten cars, but he has also kept intact and repaired the old stable that is capable of caring for a dozen horses. Even better than that, he supplies both motor cars and horses.

All of this the President gets absolutely without cost. Not even taxes, or a water assessment.

NOR can he spend anything for furniture or rugs, or hangings, or linen, or napery, or silverware, or glassware or crockery, or kitchen utensils. All are there when he comes in, and if he wants anything else he buys them and sends the bill to his Uncle, and the indulgent old fellow never yet has refused anything that has been asked of him for this, his favorite residence.

Nor can the President pay any office rent, for a wing has been built on the residence for that purpose, and the telephone installed there connects with the White House phone and the two bills go in as one and are paid by Uncle Sam at the end of the month. The same thing is true of the electric light bill.

The gas is an exception. This is installed in the White House kitchens and is used only for cooking, and as this is purely a private and personal matter Uncle Sam ignores it and lets the President worry his head about it.

But think of the servants required to keep up this establishment—the majordomo at the front door, the butler and his assistants, the two chefs and their four assistants, the housekeeper, her assistant, the five chamber-maids, the scullions, the two chauffeurs, the stable-men, the gardener and his assistants, the messengers.

Uncle Sam pays every one of them. The President's only obligation is to supply the food. Uncle Sam prepares the kitchens in which to cook it, the help to prepare it, the utensils for serving and the dishes for gracing it, as well as the dining-rooms in which to eat it.

Yet this is only the beginning of the President's perquisites. Like every man,

the Chief physician, either chosen or appointed, and the appointments made by the navy; Mr. Wilson in the

When very pleasant his wife and must houses a choicest flower as command President Marine B. pear. The flowers are nothing.

Or he week-end water. H the Mayflower he has as a yacht as a mission a manned Morgan selected sa Atlantic fl favored gr Annapolis command Mr. Morgan a year to vessel not tive. The gets his f

Or he is New York Louis to monument rally, not than a sp or, at least, car, will d office, much inconspicuo it costs him aside a spe presidential he makes a Mr. Wilson fund is crea

Besides, quises. it as his sp each Than key. Another the Christ they are, produce of White Hou citizen. A Harding li him, gratis eggs arrive eggs, too— made to th

MANY have list, and ca tion copies from publi sculptors a to make p photograph it be to pe Thus, w only \$75,0

the Chief Executive requires a family physician, but, instead of paying one, he either chooses a Government employee and attaches him to the White House, or appoints his favorite to office. Mr. Wilson made his physician an admiral in the navy; Mr. Harding has made his a general in the army.

When the President wants to give a very pleasant party he usually decides (or his wife decides) to have extra flowers and music. The Government green-houses are notified, and send in the choicest floral cuts in the country. Then, as commander-in-chief of the navy, the President orders the Marine Band to appear. The cost of flowers and music—nothing.

Or he wants a week-end on the water. He boards the *Mayflower* where he has as fine a steam yacht as is in commission and better manned than Mr. Morgan's, for the selected sailors of the Atlantic fleet and the favored graduates of Annapolis sail and command it. It costs Mr. Morgan \$75,000 a year to maintain a vessel not so attractive. The President gets his for nothing.

Or he is called to New York or St. Louis to unveil a monument. Naturally, nothing less than a special train, or, at least, a special

car, will do to contain the dignity of his office, much as he might like to travel inconspicuously as a private citizen. But it costs him no money, for Congress sets aside a special fund of \$25,000 a year for presidential traveling expenses. And, if he makes a very unusual trip like that of Mr. Wilson to Europe, an extra special fund is created.

Besides, there are a host of minor perquisites. A man in Connecticut regards it as his special privilege to supply gratis each Thanksgiving the presidential turkey. Another man, in Kentucky, regards the Christmas turkey as *his*. And so they are. Nearly every day some prize produce of field or garden reaches the White House as a present to the first citizen. A man in Toledo heard that Mr. Harding liked dogs and promptly sent him, gratis, a prize Airedale. So many eggs arrived at Easter—and the best eggs, too—that a distribution had to be made to the poor of Washington.

MANY magazines and newspapers have the White House on the free list, and each day one or more presentation copies of new books are received from publishers or authors. The best sculptors and painters are only too glad to make portraits without charge, and photographers never send a bill—unless it be to political headquarters.

Thus, while the President receives only \$75,000 a year salary, his per-

quisites amount to a great deal more than that additional. His residence, his yacht, his motor car, his physician, his horses, his music, his flowers, his traveling fund, his minor perquisites represent an annual cost of perhaps \$200,000.

THUS out of his \$75,000 cash income he can and does save some money. Why, then, is Congress now considering a pension?

Because the President of the United States is in a class by himself, not only on this continent, but also in the world. His election to that office should automatically

ex-President properly and has been ever since piecing out his income, partly as a college professor, partly as a newspaper correspondent, and partly with odd jobs of refereeing.

When Roosevelt emerged again into private life he promptly commercialized the prestige of seven years as first citizen by selling his newspaper and magazine articles at the best prices obtainable. This was unfair competition to his colleagues of the fourth estate, and it was unfair to his own memory as one of the country's great men. If he had had a pension there would have been no excuse for it.

If Mr. Wilson were in full possession of his health we should probably see him practicing law, although he is not a lawyer, or acting as a newspaper correspondent, though he is not a newspaper man, or both.

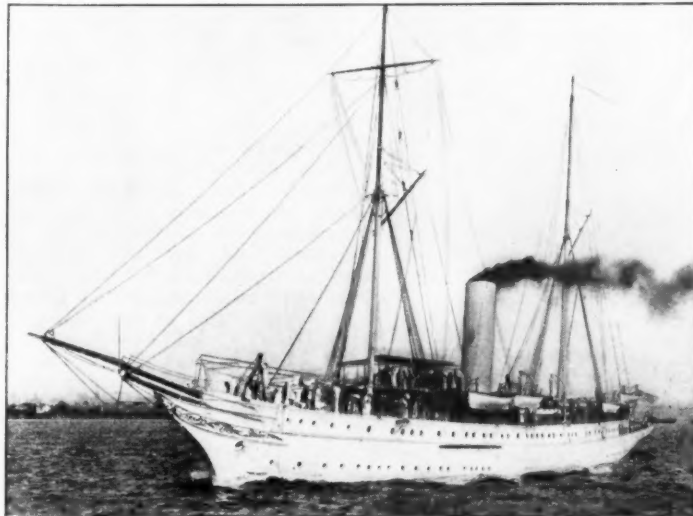
It may not be desirable, it may be un-American to condemn our ex-Presidents to a life of slothful inactivity. It may be necessary to give them some place of honor in the Government, such as a life tenure in the Senate, or an emeritus seat in the Cabinet.

However, there can be no doubt that the granting of a pension to ex-Presidents would be an added bulwark to the integrity of the most

sovereign office on earth. However much he may desire the contrary, however much his fellow citizens may assert it, no man who has occupied the White House can ever afterward be on a competitive level with his fellow citizens. Whatever he does must have an exaggerated importance, and if that importance is translated into dollars he will be paid only partially for his work; the larger part of his income will automatically result from the adventitious fact of his ex-Presidency.

THEREFORE, should not Uncle Sam step in and say, "When you retire I will pay you enough money to live on in a way comporting with your dignity, and I will ask in return that you relieve me of the embarrassment of having you compete with anyone in any gainful calling?"

Objection may be raised to any suggestion of creating an emeritus office for ex-Presidents. The duties of such position might not be to their liking or suited to their abilities. They might feel that to occupy a lower office than the great one they had held would be less dignified than to withdraw into private life. In some cases conferring such an office might prove a happy arrangement, but the result might not always be satisfactory to either individual or nation. The simplest and most practical way to provide for former Chief Magistrates is to grant them an adequate allowance and permit them to regulate their own lives and activities.



© KEYSTONE
"As fine a steam yacht as is in commission and better manned than Mr. Morgan's, for the selected sailors of the Atlantic fleet and the favored graduates of Annapolis sail and command it. It costs Mr. Morgan \$75,000 a year to maintain a vessel not so attractive. The President gets his for nothing."

remove him from all the financial restrictions that concern all the rest of us. If we consider it essential that a justice of the Supreme Court should be forever above monetary considerations, it is doubly desirable that a President should be so.

THE fact that most Presidents have been able to save the equivalent of a pension fund while in office does not alter the fact that none of them should be obliged to do so. Especially, none of them should ever be permitted to be in a position after leaving the Presidency to be able to make as an excuse to their fellow countrymen that they are engaging in gainful occupations through necessity. It is degrading to the Presidency.

Grant came out of the White House a poor man with an expensive family and the tradition of high place to maintain. The only trade he knew, that of a soldier for which his government had trained him, he could not practice. He knew nothing of business, and proved it by lending his name to a Wall street firm which promptly involved him in scandal. That the latter few years of his life were devoted to an heroic effort to right his financial fortunes only lends pathos to the spectacle of an ex-President struggling as no ex-President should ever be permitted to struggle.

Taft left the White House without a competency sufficient to maintain an

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When you go to the beautiful gardens which were once George Washington's at Mount Vernon, Virginia, you will be greeted by this rugged old gentleman, T. S. Wright, who has helped to point out the most interesting spots of the historic place to visitors for the last sixty years. Lincoln, he says, was the only President who never visited Mount Vernon.

ONE hundred seventy years ago a young surveyor who had inherited a fine Virginia farm from his brother spent his spare time laying out intricate geometrical figures in the back yard of the farmhouse, and planting these outlines in boxwood hedges. The hedges thrived and are still thriving, as the finest of their kind in the United States.

The young surveyor died about 120 years ago, and lies buried not far from his hedges. But so many people come to visit his tomb that a special guard must be kept over the hedges to keep visitors from destroying them carelessly. The young surveyor was George Washington; the farm he inherited was Mount Vernon, now a grateful nation's shrine, consecrated to the memory of its founder and its first President.

The guard of the hedges and guide-in-chief to the Mount Vernon gardens is T. S. Wright, who has lived within the shadow of the home of Washington since 1846, when his parents came down from New Jersey to settle on a Potomac river farm adjoining the acres which once had belonged to the father of his country. Mr. Wright has met most of the distinguished visitors to Mount Vernon in the last sixty years and has helped point

branches. But, somehow, the boxwood seems to attract them first.

"Yes, we have all kinds of visitors," he added reminiscently. "I can remember the first famous foreigner who came—the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. That was away back in 1860. He went all over the grounds and saw everything there was to be seen. He planted a buckeye down at the tomb. But it never came up.

"In 1889, he sent over a little oak tree which was planted by Lord Pauncefoot at the time of the centenary of Washington's first inauguration. That grew, and a wreath of its leaves was sent to London when Edward died. But now that tree is dead. Not long ago, his grandson came here. But he barely looked into the house and then went to the tomb, where he planted a little yew tree. It is still alive.

"When Mr. Balfour was here, he told me these hedges were finer than any in England—and he ought to know."

FROM the old man's pride, you would have thought that he had planted them. But he rambled on:

"When the King and Queen of Belgium were here, they spent a lot of time in the garden, and I talked to the Crown Prince about Washington, and gardens, and

everything. I finally gave him a couple of seeds from the Kentucky Coffee Bean tree which Thomas Jefferson sent to Mr. Washington, and which Lafayette had planted here. They say that the beans could be used as a substitute for coffee, but they are a mighty bum substitute. However, the Prince said he was going to take them home and plant them in the palace grounds."

MR. WRIGHT'S second line of duty, after guarding the hedges, is to answer the questions of visitors, "wise and otherwise," as he puts it.

"No, ma'am, Lincoln never visited Mount Vernon," he paused to reply to one inquirer. "It wouldn't have been comfortable for one of his politics to come here at that time. No, the Confederates never occupied it, but neither did the Union armies. It was a sort of No Man's Land. Bushwhackers from both sides used to come here often enough, but somehow, they never seem to have met here, and the place did not suffer during the war.

"I was a guide and scout for the Union armies hereabouts. You see, I knew the country pretty well, having lived here since I was two years old. The Union armies didn't. It was the same old story. We were just as unprepared when the Civil War came as we were four years ago. Why, they didn't even have maps of the roads for fifteen miles out of Washington. So we who lived here and were loyal to the Union had to take the place of maps.

"EVERY other President has been here since. I remember President Roosevelt coming up here once on horseback, with half a dozen others, all drenched to the skin. They had ridden through a thunderstorm. They went into the old kitchen and stripped as far as they dared, to let their clothes dry. Mr. Roosevelt seemed to enjoy it, and he made a lot of fun of the others who complained about the drenching.

"Yes, both Mr. Taft and Mr. Wilson came out here often, but never like that.

"I wonder if we'll ever have a President like Roosevelt again? But they don't raise his likes in Ohio, do they?"

But his question remained unanswered. By way of nickname the old man is known about the grounds as "Mr. Justice Wright."

"It's all nonsense," he says. "I ain't ever been a justice. All I was was magistrate, and that is the orneriest, loafingest job in the world, bar one. That is constable. Constable is the worst job a human being can take. Anyway, it's the worst I know anything about."

THE GUARD OF A NATION'S SHRINE

When King Edward VII—then the Prince of Wales—Visited Washington's Tomb at Mount Vernon, T. S. Wright Was There; and Today, Though Seventy-Nine, He Is Still on the Job

By OSWALD F. SCHUETTE

AS WE WERE SAYING—

AN ARABIAN NIGHTCAP

SCHEHERAZADE, daughter of the Grand Vizier, was relating to the Sultan the first of her stories. As she talked, she watched his Supreme Highness out of the corner of her eye.

"And this other man," she continued amiably.

The Sultan nodded.

"Not the one I was telling you about first, but the other one; well——"

The Sultan dozed.

"He says to the girl—Oh, but I forgot something. Before this first man met the girl, he——"

The Sultan slumbered.

"There were two girls, you see, and the second was in love with the first fellow I told you about, not the——"

The Sultan snored gently. He was good for twelve solid hours, without budging an inch.

Scheherazade laughed silently.

"He'll spare my life," she murmured. "He'll want me to live, if only as a cure for his insomnia."

And it was even so.

"Oh, my beloved daughter, however did you do it?" inquired the Grand Vizier, next day.

"Easily," answered Scheherazade. "I told it to him the way a woman describes what she has seen at the movies."

Thus we see how the Arabian Nights might not have come down to us.

THE Hon. George

Harvey, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, is already beginning to purr in true diplomatic style. "All mankind," he moralizes, "will realize in the near future that there is more power and glory in 'Lead, Kindly Light' than in all the fighting anthems in the world." A still more potent hymn, or so it seems to us, would be "Lead, Kindly Best Minds." This, frankly, is the "light" to which the Colonel has reference.

The Drama League sounds the slogan that "a back-to-normalcy movement is needed." Better go slow. Could the country stand going back to two normalcies at once?

QUOTH good old Professor Taft: "It is too much to say that the influence of money in politics has been eliminated." The backers of the Wood boom at Chicago last June don't think it is too much to say.

If Poe's raven is still alive, he can get a good job "gently tapping" hip-pockets for flasks.

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

Nature Studies by W. E. HILL

WE expect little slips by artists and illustrators—perfection is unattainable—but when Mutt shows a black eye after receiving a crack in the stomach from Jeff, art is indeed in a bad way.

President Harding brought a handy-man from Marion to work about the White House grounds, but what he will need most before he is through will be an expert Lodge-keeper.

SUBSEQUENT MOTHER-GOOSE

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
Gone to fetch a rabbit skin
To wrap his Baby Bunting in.

CHAPTER LXXII

Fie, Mother Bunting!
Daddy's home from hunting;
Mother cut the rabbit down
And made herself a dinner-gown.

SINCE the triumph in suffrage, Feminism has been coming right along in all departments, but it has yet to enrich the industrial world with a Jane-of-all-trades.



"He was good for twelve solid hours, without budging an inch."

REDUCED TO LOWEST TERMS

"**H**ERE, my dear," said Mr. Paprika, "is our household budget. I've given it a lot of care. See what you think of it."

His wife took the proffered paper and read as follows:

ITEM	PER CENT. OF INCOME
Repeating rifle for each door and window.....	20
Ammunition for same.....	10
Armorplate over tin roof.....	12
Communicating trenches in front yard.....	15
Bomb-proof shelter in back yard.....	18
Contact-mine under doormat in vestibule.....	07
Hand Grenades (domestic size).....	05
Sundries.....	13
Total.....	100

"But George," ventured Mrs. Paprika, "you allow only 13 per cent. for sundries. Does that include our food and clothing?"

Mr. Paprika nodded impatiently.

"Certainly," he said. "It includes everything not otherwise noted. Food,



"Mother cut the rabbit down
And made herself a dinner-gown."

clothing, insurance, interest on the mortgage, city taxes, water-rates, income-tax, amusements, doctor's bills—everything."

"But thirteen per cent. will never in the world cover all those!"

Mr. Paprika waved his hand petulantly.

"In that event we shall have to borrow at 6 per cent," he said definitely. "There's no other way out. I've cut down the big items to the bone. You wouldn't have the house unprotected against burglars, gunmen or—or murderers, would you?"

This, to be brief, is a supposititious case. It is simply reducing to its lowest terms, and applying to one household, the present financial problem of the Secretary of the Treasury. If it doesn't seem hopeful as applied to

Mr. Paprika's household affairs, multiply it by a few billions and think how it must seem to Secretary Mellon, who is charged with making good all those campaign pledges as to "reduced tax burdens," in the face of colossal armament appropriations.

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

So great its popularity
Since licensed liquor's overthrow,
The dandelion soon will be
Extincter than the buffalo.

THIS hue and cry over the need of a movie censorship is directed mainly at the obscenarion department.

The chief obstacle to government economy is the general belief that a thing paid for "at the public expense" is not paid for by the public but by some philanthropist.



Prohibitionists assert that the day is coming when it will be impossible to find such an oasis as this on any

American ship. Those who own vessels say, in reply, that when that day arrives our passenger-carrying vessels will do no business.

SHALL THE OCEAN BE WET?

By SEABURY LAWRENCE

THE above rather Chester-tonian query is in reality more serious than it sounds. There may be some folks who have not followed the deep-sea news recently who will declare the question does not sound serious at all. But they must be numbered among those who do not realize that the Prohibition issue now has stretched over the sea as well as the land—that is to say the dry issue is voyaging seaward wherever an American passenger ship carries the Stars and Stripes. Prohibition, in effect, is trying to follow the flag.

As an old shipping man remarked in humorous vein, "They are trying to take the roll out of the rolling deep," and thereby opened up an entirely new vista of an issue that already has some very serious, not to say bitter, adherents aligned on each side.

Whether the Prohibition forces, aided by the Volstead enforcement law, will be able to make old Ocean sit up and look sober, so far as American passenger liners are concerned, remains to be seen. So far the law has not pounced upon the owners of foreign-going passenger ships to any extent. In fact, no definite and decisive ruling as to the law's application in that particular has been forthcoming. The question is "in the air," so to speak, but it is very certain that this issue will soon become an important one and will be fought out to the last ditch by each side.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Representative Edmonds, of Philadelphia, has reintroduced his bill, which was defeated in the last session of the 66th Congress, to exempt American passenger vessels in foreign trade from the provisions of the Prohibition Enforcement Act, the exemption to take effect outside the three-mile limit. For business reasons American shipping men are a unit in favor of the bill's passage—their point of view is made plain in Mr. Lawrence's article, which presents their case in no uncertain language.)

"It will be suicide to enforce prohibition on American passenger ships." Such was the statement of a prominent shipping man to the writer of this article.

"We can get along very well with prohibition ships—the law must be enforced," was the statement of Senator Jones, head of the Committee on Commerce of the United States Senate, which has been charged with the upbuilding of the American merchant marine.

These two sentences show the attitude of the shipping man and the dyed-in-the-wool prohibitionist very clearly on the subject of liquor on American passenger boats at sea. The veteran shipping man is counting the cost to American commerce and commercial prestige, while the prohibitionist says in effect that "the sea must be dry at any cost."

But it is the old story in an entirely new guise. Prohibition on dry land and on the deep sea are entirely different issues. Even a shipping man might launch forth into the benefits of a bone-dry land—if only the land were involved. But interrogate him on the issue of dry ships or wet under the Yankee flag and he

will become vehement, if not violent, in his anti-prohibition assertions.

It is a new angle of the old question, but an angle which will be of wide interest and on which the dry forces will meet with the stiffest kind of opposition. Those who want to keep the ocean wet have the solidest arguments, they declare, upon which to base their claims. Their fight was begun in Washington before the old Administration went out of office, when a committee of five leading steamship men of the country saw the Secretary of the Treasury and the Attorney-General, in order to place their case on record.

The men who formed this committee representing America's largest and most successful lines were P. A. S. Franklin, president of the International Mercantile Marine Co.; Maurice Bouvier, president of the Grace lines; Alfred Gilbert Smith, head of the Ward Line; Frank C. Munson, president of the Munson Lines; and Harris Livermore, president of the United American Lines. The quintet spoke for a fleet of about 50 American passenger-carrying ships. All declared the results would be disastrous if American liners were compelled to run dry in competition with foreign steamships which were able to sell wines or liquor to their passengers.

Mr. Munson illustrated the case in regard to two of the Munson Line ships which are now on the run to Buenos

Ayres, via Rio de Janeiro. These vessels are the *Huron*, a former German liner, and the *Martha Washington*, which formerly was the largest steamship flying the Austrian flag. They are fine vessels, capable of carrying many passengers and are chartered to the Munson Line by the Shipping Board. Thus they are under Government control and do not rank as "privately owned" ships. As a result the liquor laws of the country, as now construed, are held to be effective on these boats wherever they may be.

So the *Huron* and the *Martha Washington* may be held up as the first of America's "dry fleet" and as examples of what may be expected to happen to the rest of the passenger trade—that is, if we are to believe the shipping men.

IT appears that when these vessels were first placed in the River Plate service, which naturally necessitates carrying many passengers of Spanish nativity and descent, the question of deep-sea prohibition had not come up and wine was served as it was on Lamport and Hold vessels, and those of other competing lines. The *Huron* and *Martha Washington* did a thriving business.

Then came the edict ruling that nothing above the legal "half of one per cent." was to be served aboard Shipping-Board steamers, and the number of passengers quickly dropped 50 per cent, or more, badly cutting into the earnings of the Munson Line steamers and greatly depreciating the prestige of American commerce carriers. A large proportion of those who had been patrons of the Munson liners flocked to other ships.

In connection with the steamships of the Grace Line, many of which operate between New York and ports on the prosperous West Coast of South America, Mr. Bouvier called attention to an interesting incident. The Grace liners, many of them fine new steamers, built especially for a tropical run, are as yet unaffected by the prohibition law, and wine is served as usual. However, it happened recently that a rival concern, playing what perhaps it thought a wise card, took advantage of the situation to circulate in West Coast ports the report that Grace Line steamships thereafter would be "dry," so to speak, and that passengers by these boats would not be able to get their accustomed wines during the voyage. The result of this strictly business propaganda was that the Grace Line's passenger business fell off very badly until notices could be circulated denying the deep-sea dry report. This is looked upon as a certain indication of what would happen to the South American passenger business should the drouth extend over the South Atlantic.

Two of the lines now have services to Spain, and there is every prospect that this trade will be a profitable one if allowed to develop along logical lines. The American liners *Manchuria* and *Mongolia*, operated by the International Mercantile Marine between New York and Hamburg, call at the port of Vigo, Spain, and have carried a large number of Spanish passengers. The Ward Line also maintains a Vigo service via Havana.

A rather amusing point was made by the heads of these important corporations in regard to the Spanish trade. Both Mr. Franklin and Mr. Smith quoted a paragraph of the maritime laws of Spain which requires all vessels transporting Spanish steerage passengers to carry the wines to which these people have been accustomed, that they may drink them with their meals while on the voyage.

The steamship men made the very obvious point that if the Spanish law made it imperative for passenger liners to carry wines and the American law forbade this custom there would be nothing for it but to take the American ships out of the Spanish trade. This they are

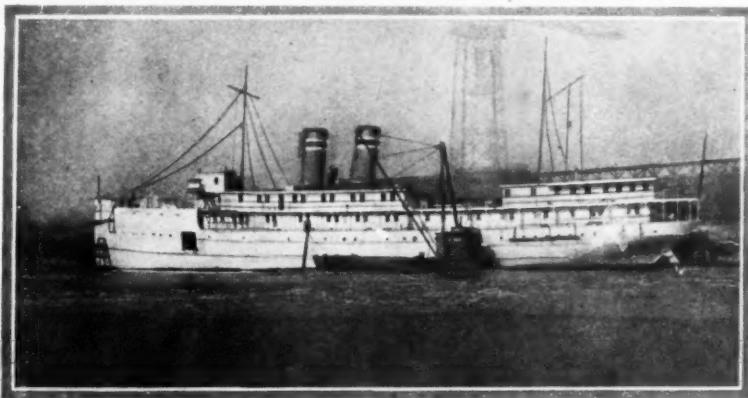
run. They will furnish very strong opposition to the *Mongolia* and *Manchuria*, and if the liquor issue goes against the American ships the passenger business they have built up will go to pieces.

"Strangely enough," says a man identified with the West Indian and Caribbean trade, "even people who don't indulge themselves like to travel on ships where people can get their drinks."



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"Billy" Sunday believes that the ocean should be "wet." The method of making it so that he advocates is here illustrated. According to a majority of the American steamship owners if our ships are deliquored they will become quite unpopular.



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When the Prohibition Enforcement Act went into effect some capitalists took this vessel—then the South Haven—now the City of Miami—and transformed her into a floating bar at a cost of \$300,000. She now plies between Miami, Florida, and Havana.

reluctant to do, as it is a growing and valuable service.

THE steamship heads also made the point that most of the passengers carried were of foreign birth or extraction who had been accustomed for generations to wine or beer with their meals. They will not travel on ships which do not carry these things. A ruling favorable to the drys on this question would do irreparable damage to the American-Hamburg service in which the American passenger boats were first in the field, following the war. The trade with the great German port on the Elbe has been growing by leaps and bounds.

British ship-owners, always alive to commercial openings in a maritime way, have already seen the great chances in a Hamburg-New York service, and in a few weeks the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company will place three of its large liners, including the *Orduna*, on the Hamburg

quickly decide to use a foreign line.

The experience of the Norwegian-American line in regard to the liquor question may be taken as an example of the sentiment of most transatlantic passengers on the "dry ocean" subject. Nothing stronger than "three per cent" beer has been served on the passenger ships of this line since the Norwegian prohibition edicts went into effect. As a result the Scandinavian-American Line, a Danish company on whose vessels liquor is served, has reaped the benefit of a very large part of the passenger patronage that formerly fell to the Norwegian ships.

Doubtless the adherents of a "bone-dry ocean" will bring forth arguments in support of their cause, but the facts in the case thus far seem to be on the side of the American steamship men, who agree unanimously that while prohibition may follow the flag, success will not follow prohibition.

MEN in the passenger department of the International Mercantile Marine Co. say that the question of "drinks or no drinks" on the American and Red Star Line ships is almost invariably asked these days by would-be passengers. "People purchasing tickets usually ask us for a frank statement as to whether drinks will be served on the American ships during a voyage. If the reply is in the negative they

Our Navy in the Air

(Continued from page 578)

give radio directions on the location of gun hits—artillery fire control, as it is called—must be protected by fast fighting planes, capable of great speed and maneuverability.

They are usually single-seaters; that is to say, piloted by one man who operates the machine-gun through the blades of the propeller; the gun being automatically controlled by the propeller, and is so set that the bullets escape the blade. These pursuit, or combat, planes must attack enemy planes of all types and enemy Zeppelins; the plane and pilot maneuvering, twisting, turning, looping, falling, rising with lightning-like speed, literally hurling themselves at the enemy, like the diving football tackle—not starting the machine-gun until within close range.

While the pursuit-plane is faster than the average two-seater, it must beware the latter's double voice, for the two-seater carries two guns as Raoul Lufbery discovered a moment before he found a rendezvous with Death. Had he lived, he would have been America's greatest air fighter—according to Rickenbacker, who himself held that niche.

The Navy, profiting by Lufbery's example and other lessons, is building two-seater torpedo planes to attack vessels at sea and in port. The Navy is also designing still heavier bombing planes which can demolish battleships.

Here is the crux of the question.

The bombing airplane can demolish a battleship—but under what circumstances?

IF it is true in any reasonable degree then the congressional committee on naval appropriations should have no hesitation in demanding far greater appropriations for seaplanes, bombing planes and airplane "carriers." It is the worst kind of nonsense to exclaim, as some half-cock writers do, that the airplane has overnight superseded the battleship. It is worse nonsense to believe that a well-balanced fleet (and it is altogether a question of all-around, balanced efficiency) can be obtained without vastly greater Air Power than we have yet developed or yet dreamed of developing. It must come, and it must come step by step, with one eye on what the other nations are doing.

Brig.-Gen. William Mitchell of the Army Air Service—highest ranking flyer of the country—to the discomfiture of the more conservative Navy element (which is very much "from Missouri") champions the future of the airplane over the battleship. His position is clearly stated in the following words.

"Heretofore projectiles from large cannon have been designed to pierce the armor of battleships and then cause their

effect by driving the fragments through the bulkheads and into the various parts of the ship. Twenty-five such shots went clean through the German flagship *Derfflinger* in the Battle of Jutland, but, aside from killing about 200 of the personnel, never destroyed the speed of this ship. These twenty-five shots altogether had no more than about 1,000 pounds of explosive in them.

"But one of our present air bombs, which weighs one ton and contains from 1000 to 1500 pounds of explosive, dropped on her from an airplane, would have

When the submarine (like the machine-gun and the airplane, an American invention) was brought into action, people said, "It is such a terrible weapon that no ship can live against it. There will never be another long war." It was a popular expression prior to the Russo-Japanese war. And the point of view was wrong. The submarine did not cause the abandonment of the surface ship. It means—as later turned out to be the case—that particular attention should be paid to the development of the submarine as well as to the protection of the surface vessel from U-boat attack.

Just so the undoubted truth that the battleship is vulnerable to air attack—to what extent remains to be seen by actual fighting tests to be held in May and June, 1921—does not indicate that the battleship as the last line of sea defense should be abandoned. It indicates what has become increasingly true since August 4, 1914—that battleship defense against aircraft and submarines must be strengthened; that comparatively greater amounts should be spent on destroyers and submarines than ever before, if we are to have a balanced navy; and, above all, that Congress must realize before America is hopelessly out-classed that, in its relation to the older lines of attack and defense, the Air Service of the future will be by far the most



KADEL & HERBERT

A gas-mask drill on board the *Pennsylvania*. Henceforth poison gases will play an important part in all naval warfare.

wrecked this ship to such an extent as to put her completely out of action and end her usefulness as a war vessel."

A vital point in General Mitchell's contention is this: The present battleship, with its accessories, costs about \$45,000,000, and for this amount of money about 1000 bombardment airplanes can be constructed, each one of which can carry bombs of sufficient power to sink a battleship. The airplanes require a personnel of only two or three men, whereas the battleships require 800 or over.

NAVY adherents of the old-fashioned capital ship program are justified in being alarmed at possible imputations of this statement; but they are not justified in criticism of the statement itself or of its probable consequences. Even if it is proved conclusively that the battleship is vulnerable to air attack there is no reason for abandoning the battleship-building program. When the machine-gun was invented people said: "It will slaughter line troops." That was true under certain conditions. It did not follow that infantry—the backbone of line warfare—should be abandoned. It meant that particular attention should be paid to the development of the machine-gun (which, incidentally, the government failed to do at the proper time) and to the protection of troops from machine-gun attack.

important of all.

What we really need, then, is an air fleet at least equally strong with the air fleet of any enemy. Before the air fleet can accompany the sea fleet, there must be operating bases which can move as fast as the fastest cruiser. These moving bases, known as airplane carriers, form one of the most interesting and startling innovations of modern warfare.

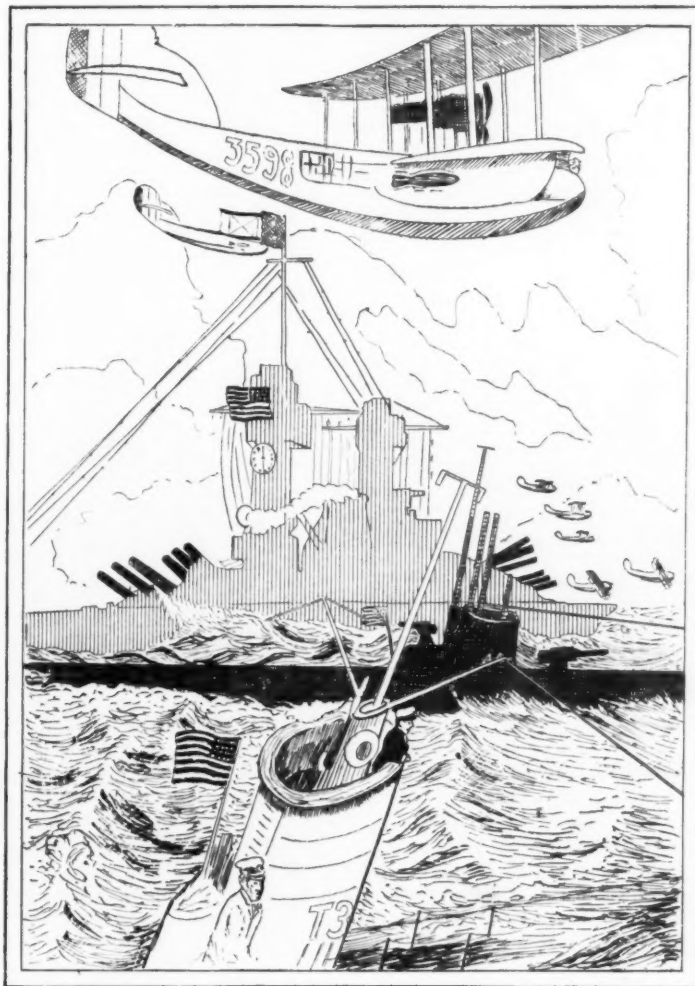
As the name indicates, they carry the airplane, seaplane, torpedoplane, and in some cases the gas-filled airship along with the fleet, and are constructed in such manner that the aerial fighters can "take off," "land on" and "live on" their spacious decks. As the harbor lighthouse is to an ocean liner, so is the landing-field to an airplane. The airplane carrier is an ocean landing-field.

YOUR carrier must be fitted to carry aircraft and able to put them in the air immediately upon request, and must furnish, in addition to its own crew, living-quarters for the aviators, store-rooms for the spare parts, gasoline, oil, etc., photographic and meteorological offices, magazines for bombs, torpedoes, machine-gun ammunition, parachute flares, and a host of other things. In short, the carrier must have every facility that exists at a first-class airdrome on the land, in addition

(Concluded on page 603)

A KEY TO REUTERDAHL'S COVER PICTURE

In his drawing for the cover of LESLIE'S this week Commander Henry Reuterdahl, the celebrated marine artist, vividly typifies the powerful sea fighting forces of Uncle Sam today. The submarine in the immediate foreground is one of the new T-3 class, of which there are three in the navy; above this in the picture is seen one of the new V class of Fleet Submarines, of which the



RUSSELL J. WALRATH

navy has nine; the super-dreadnought is one of the North Carolina type, carrying twelve 16-inch guns. The huge new floating fortresses of this type are: the North Carolina, South Dakota, Indiana, Massachusetts, Iowa and Montana. The clock-like disc on the mast is part of the fire-control communication system. In the air above soars one of the tremendous new navy bombing planes.

The American Beauty Type

(Concluded from page 581)

weeded out of hundreds for my personal observation. I picked three girls out of this crowd for possibly available material; the rest were not up to the standard. Those hundreds I didn't see may have been just as good; I don't know. It's a painful task at best; I try to be sincere, and I am always impersonal. In spite of good intentions, however, I am suspected of preferences, of unfair decisions.

Public taste in girl-beauty has certain definite elements. The doll-types are always popular; unfortunately they are difficult to find. A doll-face on a big figure is out of beauty focus. There used to be a dainty, small, slim-figured, little-girl type, that seems to have disappeared. We can't find them. The show-girl, not quite so Junoesque as "Dolores," but with some unusual talent for grace, and an aristocratic carriage, has taken the place of these pretty living dolls of the past.

The trouble with the average girl who tries to show off is that she imagines herself a tragedy queen, or a classic figure of Greek stoicism; she is too superficially haughty,

she strains too much for dramatic impressiveness. She does not make the most of her natural beauty, because she imagines herself beautiful. Real beauty is never self-conscious. It blooms without effort.

When I select a girl for the chorus, I visualize her in the clothes I have already prepared for her. Of course she doesn't know this, and tries to impress me with the type she imagines herself to be. I may see other possibilities for her, which are revealed to her later. All I do, when I look at her, is to see her in an environment for which she must be trained. Therefore I lay stress on the fact that I very greatly prefer girls who have never had stage experience.

Girls who have natural beauty must have a complete equipment. Very few have, and those who are fortunate fail to make a study of it. It has been my task; I have been compelled to study it from the view-point of public approval. When a girl has the blend of perfect figure, face, hair, feet, ankles, she should study those attributes in perspective. Usually there is a tendency among pretty girls to over-

accentuate, to lay too much stress on one phase of her beauty rather than on all of the phases properly moulded into one effect. This is what clothes do for women, but they cannot do it to perfection unless all the qualities of beauty are originally in the girl.

Of course, I am looking for perfection, or near perfection. I create the clothes first, and fit the beauty with them. Every yard of material she wears, her slippers, her stockings, her buckles—every detail is studied out for her. Then she is trained to make her body unconsciously plastic.

Result—the "Follies-girl," whether blonde or brunette, tall or petite, is the American girl disciplined in the culture of beauty. She is everywhere about you, but she needs to make a study of her perfections.

There is only one bad habit the American woman should overcome—she should not kalsomine her face.

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A Sporting Chance in Pearls

(Continued from page 583)

"You did? Spend two hundred dollars, and I told you to be economical about even postage stamps, and you send foot telegrams!" he raged about, thinking up eloquent things to say. "By gosh! You stenographers are so careless and extravagant—"

"Oh!" she stiffened. "I did not understand, Mr. Adacker! I telegraphed, also, to Masone that you would communicate direct with him, probably visiting him."

"Spend all that money to see a damned red-pearl fakir! Do you think I am crazy?"

"I do," she replied, quietly. "And that will do. Please leave out the oaths when you talk to a lady—though possibly your next venture in stenographers will not represent you—a pleasantries."

"But you are not quitting!" Adacker wailed, as she took down her hat. "I was only just—"

"Showing your natural proclivities," she finished his sentence. "What are you going to do about those red pearls?"

"YOU have put your foot into it; now you can get your foot out!" he cried. "Nobody finds any pearls down in those parts—shells too small!"

"Then I may take up this matter?" she demanded.

"A fine sporting chance you got in it!" he jeered. "You know all the pearl business, already—read it out of the books I bet!"

She smiled, and took her departure on the instant. As the door closed, he grinned. She had not taken her week's wages. He was in more than the price of the telegram, for binding the government books, and the tips given for extraordinary cleaning in his office.

"Now all I must do is find another stenographer," he mused, triumphantly.

All his business was ordered and recorded. There were no pearls, and nothing of any promise except a letter from a man in Texas, who wanted to know if "thos things you fin in clams in cripple Duck lak is anny good."

"We can tell you, if you will send the things you find in shells, whether they are valuable or not," she had answered. "They may be valuable pearls, if of regular shape; or may be baroques of good price, if they are rough, but of good color and luster. Mr. Adacker would be glad to see whatever you send, and he will make an offer, according to their worth."

"Now that's a good letter!" he grinned. "That's a good business letter, and I leave the carbon for the next girl to copy it, so!"

Ladena Vaile was furious when she left Adacker's office, yet she had retained her self-possession. Pearls had not disappointed her, but the pearl buyer had. She loathed Adacker. Not a line of the thousands of pages she had read about pearls and mussels had failed to hold her fascinated. The lure of pearls held her.

"I've a fine sporting chance in it!" she laughed, half-consciously accepting Adacker's challenge.



"Why," she said, "these may be worth thousands of dollars!"

She went to Fallen Cypress Creek forthwith, and fulfilled what she regarded as her personal obligation to the unknown inquirer, having encouraged Tom Masone by the telegram that meant her employer's interest in the red pearls.

Masone, a lank, gangling, mosquito-bitten swamp angel, showed her his find.

"Course, I don't reckon these'r much," he told her, as she saw spread out in cotton in a cigar box scores of glowing, little red gems.

THEY were for all the world like small red cherries. They had the surface shine, the luster growing redder and redder as one's gaze sank into the depths, just as water grows bluer as the depth increases. The young woman cried out in amazed delight.

"Why," she said, "these may be worth thousands of dollars!"

"Shucks!" he shook his head. "Nobody in the world would give po'r shiftless

Tom Masone money thataway for them lil' tricks!"

"I'll sell these for you on commission. I'll give you a receipt for them. I'll have to take them to New York."

"Ho law!" he laughed. "Cain't yo' sell 'em 'round hyar? Hit'll cost a hundred dollars to go to New York! Yo' all take 'em. I seen a whole string of white ones into a store for two bits!"

Five days later she arrived on Maiden Lane. She went to Ermale of the pearl trade, Adacker's evident dislike of him having impressed the name of the rival on her mind.

She found Ermale sitting in his office glum and alone. As she entered, he sprang to his feet, a tall, slender, wise, old-young man, and beckoned her to the chair he placed.

"Mr. Ermale," she said, "are there any red, bright, cherry-red pearls?"

"A very few," he answered. "They are color freaks; they are unimaginably beautiful. You wish to purchase pearls of this kind?"

"No; I wish to sell some."

"What!"

"Yes. My name is Ladena Vaile——"

"Vaile? Didn't you work for Adacker?"

"Yes."

"Then how does it happen you come to me suggesting red pearls, in view of the fact that he is ransacking the earth to find pearls of this color?"

"He wants red pearls now?" Ladena exclaimed. "But when he had the chance, he wouldn't even go to look at them!"

"Perhaps it is none of my affair, Miss Vaile," Ermale said, cautiously. "But if you would explain the matter to me in detail, perhaps——"

"YOU are perfectly justified in your inquiry, Mr. Ermale," she said. "The fact that he is seeking red pearls certainly demands that I should tell you the exact circumstances."

At the end of her story, she spread on the table the collection from the pearl pocket. At that strange and wonderful spectacle, Ermale started to his feet.

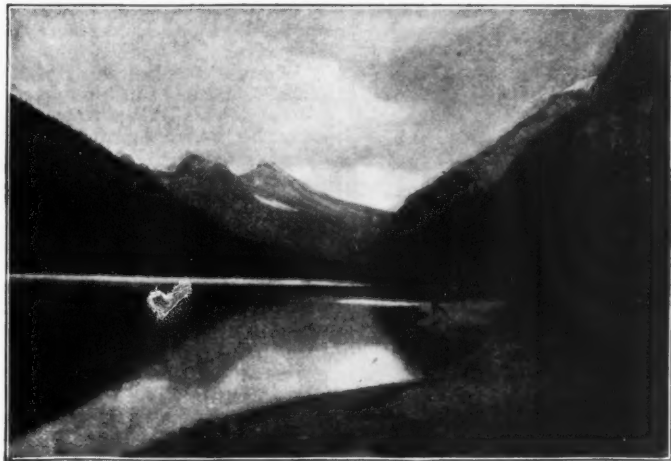
"These are what I have to offer!" she said. "They belong to Tom Masone, of Fallen Cypress Creek, but he has given me power of attorney to sell them for him on the regular commission."

Ermale watched her face as she spoke, but turned to stare at the fourscore and three red pearls, which she arranged with delicate appreciation of their diminishing size, pair by pair.

"It can't be pearls!" Ermale whispered, seizing his magnifying glass.

Yet under the closest scrutiny, the texture of pearl was revealed in each glorious gem, net-work of limestone and horn, colored red and lustrous to great depths in the layers. Ermale sighed. His eyes glistened. He was quite speechless. It was unbelievable, that now as a coincidence, just at the moment of his great need, when a customer of wealth had demanded the impossible, a young woman, herself a lover of pearls as her quickening eyes showed, had walked in with the exact satisfaction of a customer's unreasonable demand.

"Your client does not know their value?" Ermale inquired, casually.



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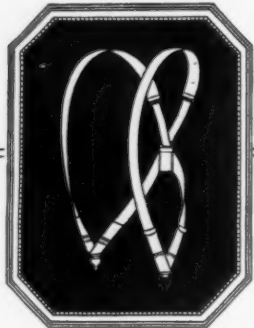
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"Not at all; but of course, that could not possibly enter into the matter—his ignorance."

"Of course not," Ermale said with deep feeling. "I know how you feel. My customer is coming this afternoon. When you see her, I think—there are occasions when I do not begrudge selling beautiful pearls."

"Yes!" she breathed.

The customer was only five or six years older than Ladena; she was, however, a magnificent exotic; she looked, as Adacker would have said, like eighty-dollar shoes, ten-thousand-dollar furs, a thousand-dollar gown, and fifty millions in cold cash—and more than all these, she seemed the most beautiful woman in the world. For a moment Ladena Vaile gazed in rebellious envy as the woman's glance fell upon the matched red pearls on the table.

Then the two saw the homage of radiant beauty to priceless pearls. The visitor's lips parted; her cheeks colored; her eyes filled. She seized the pear-shaped pendant and laid it against her skin, beneath her throat, above the little shadow, and stood gazing into vacancy for a moment. She knew! Then she confirmed her surmise by turning to a glass to see how that colored pearl rested against such flesh as that.

"Have them bored," she said. "Have them strung. Then bring them to me!"

SHE left the two, who stared at the door long after it closed behind the woman on whose whim a great fortune gladly waited.

"Am I mistaken?" Ermale inquired with a smile. "Shouldn't she wear the red rope of pearls? She loves what her beauty deserves."

"Oh, yes! They are her pearls!" Ladena yielded willing homage.

"Here is my receipt," he said, after a while. "I shall see you again often. You are going to trade in pearls. It is a good business. There are charms in it and some pitfalls. Be careful. This is your first trade?"

"My first!" she admitted.

"Your commission will be very large, and Masone receives a fortune. My profit will equal, in a way, my satisfaction. I cannot tell my gratitude to you for coming to me with these pearls that Adacker turned down."

"I am sorry for him!" she exclaimed.

"For losing the trade?"

"No; because he couldn't have enjoyed anything but the profit."

"That is so; that is why Adacker is pitiful, isn't it? Somehow, I believe it's why he always misses the big profits, too."

A year later Adacker again came within the horizon of Ladena Vaile. He had heard a rumor that a string of red pearls had come from the southeastern States, somewhere, but he hadn't believe it. He found Ladena matching a modest Wabash blue baroque. He noticed on her finger a ring with two six-grain bright red pearls. He looked at them closely and curiously.

"There!" he grinned. "I knew it wasn't a string of red pearls. Two pearls eh? I bet you were surprised, spending all that carfare, to Florida, and you get two for a ring, eh? Not much profit in that, I bet?"

"I loved them," she smiled, looking at

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the man. "I've never told you how much I am obliged to you for letting me read those books."

"Forget what you read in the books, young lady!" he cried. "Don't fool yourself, being a book pearer. Be a business woman. If you hadn't been so quick tempered, Ladena, I had made you a good business judge of pearls, and how to make money out of them on the buy and on the sell. Maybe you would come back to work for me, eh? I'd give you big wages, more than you can be sure of, trading little blue baroques. What do you say? I have no girl now in my office. I tried three or four— What you say?"

"I'm obliged to you, Mr. Adacker, but you know me! My poor temper—"

"Yes, sure, I know. But this time you swallow your temper, so—" and Adacker gulped in an effort to be amusing. "With me you will learn the pearl business right, without books, or sentiment, or doo-dads. It makes you lotta money when you know it right—"

"You certainly are thoroughly posted on its possibilities, Mr. Adacker," Ladena admitted, "and the sheer enjoyment of handling—"

"The enjoyment!" broke in Adacker. "Forget the enjoyment. Enjoyment don't fill the cash drawer. It's dollars you should look out for—profits, money!"

"And of course, there's money, too," Ladena agreed. "Why, my commission on the one string of red pearls—my first business deal—was \$8,000. Just think—"

But Adacker couldn't think.

"Eight thous—" he spluttered. Then gulped. This time he made no effort to be amusing, but he was, and Ladena smiled. "Eight thou—" he began, and as Ladena's amusement bubbled over, he turned, flustered and strode away.

"Good-day, Mr. Adacker!" Ladena called after him.

"Good-day!" snapped Adacker, as he slammed the door.

Our Navy in the Air

(Concluded from page 598)

to having guns big enough to fight off submarines, destroyers and fast light cruisers, plus mobility and speed enough to keep up with the fleet's fastest units.

This matter of speed is most important, since the airplane is the eye of the army and the navy, and the cavalry of the fleet. Of what use is a cavalry too slow to keep up with the main body, and of what use is an aerial cavalry not in touch with the main artery of the fleet?

One airplane carrier should accompany each division of battleships (consisting of four or five dreadnoughts); and one airplane carrier should accompany each division of battle-cruisers (consisting of three vessels); each carrier should maintain forty fighting planes and twenty bombing or torpedo planes.

Commander Kenneth Whiting, chief of Operations, Naval Aviation, U. S. N., probably the country's foremost authority on the subject, recently summarized his reasons for the absolute necessity of airplane carriers with the navy of tomorrow. Among others are the following:

"Planes carrying and launching torpedoes have sunk ships. (British and German planes.)"

"Planes have flown from ships and destroyed Zeppelin hangars which could not have been destroyed in any other way. (British planes.)"

"Planes flying from towed lighters have destroyed and shot down Zeppelins. (British planes.)"

"Planes have flown from 'carriers' and investigated other aircraft flying in the vicinity on the high seas to determine if they were friendly or not. (In the case cited they were friendly.) (American and British planes.)"

"German seaplanes have bombed British submarines in the mouth of the Thames. By using 'carriers' they might have bombed the British fleet and our own battleships at Scapa Flow, the Firth of Forth and in the Humber River."

"Planes have attempted to bomb battleships, but not successfully, due principally to the inferior type of planes used, and the distances they had to fly to make the attack. (Turkish ship in Dardanelles, British planes.)"

"Planes have controlled gun-fire at an invisible target (battle-cruiser) and destroyed her. (British planes off Africa.)"

"In war games planes have conducted submarines and destroyers to a position permitting a successful attack on capital ships. (American.)"

"Planes have attacked destroyers and killed officers and men on their bridges at night. (German planes.)"

"Planes have sunk destroyers by bomb attack. (French and British.)"

"Planes have sunk submarines by dropping bombs on them. (French, British and American planes, and, I suspect, German planes or aircraft.)"

"Aircraft bombs have so damaged an obsolete type battleship as to throw her main propeller shaft out of line (same effect may be expected on the most modern ship) and caused her to sink. (American.)"

"Large aircraft bomb exploded on obsolete type battleship and gutted the ship. (American.)"

Is it surprising that the Navy has asked Congress for two—only two—of these fast floating ports, when many more are necessary? The U. S. S. *Langley*, formerly the U. S. S. collier *Jupiter*, the first electrically driven naval ship in the world, will probably be obtained as an airplane carrier. It would be a comparatively inexpensive matter to convert the *Leviathan* into a carrier with the sufficient 850 over-all and 32-knot speed.

This article merely scratches the surface of aerial activities above the sea. Nothing has been said of the work of lighter-than-air craft (dirigible balloons) over the water; nor of what might be called "team aviation," as exemplified on the Pacific coast, where Captain Mustin and Commander John H. Towers, of transatlantic fame, completed recently a fleet trip with fourteen sea-planes of identical type, from Santiago to Panama and return; nor of coast patrol, bombing of harbors and cities; nor have we touched land accomplishments in the air.

When the much-abused taxpayer considers these problems let him take account of the transatlantic flights accomplished since the war, not to mention our own feat of carrying the mail from ocean to ocean in twenty-seven hours of flying time, and then judge whether it is worth while to develop tomorrow's battleships of the air.

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THAT Germany, after much evasion, shilly-shallying and delay, at length accepted the reparation terms insisted on by the Allies was a distinct forward step in the much-needed pacifying of the world. Whether or not it will have important tangible and material effects all at once, its psychological influence will prove helpful all around the globe. It evinced a large improvement in the German attitude and morale, a disposition no longer to shirk the tasks and burdens laid upon the people mainly responsible for the World War, and showed that they had at last decided to assume a positive part in the reconstruction of human affairs. The results should eventually be of much moment to all mankind.

It is now possible for Germany to become once more a leading and influential factor in our civilization. She is very far from being ruined and, in spite of the heavy reparation dues (aggregating \$32,000,000,000) which will handicap her for years, she can by resolute industrious effort recover a vast deal of the ground she lost. She can become prosperous and respected if she will only in good faith turn away from all thoughts of militarism and world domination, and engage only in the contests of peace, aiming at leadership purely in legitimate lines of industry and commerce. Again, as in her golden past, her merchant vessels may ply over all the seas and her products find markets in every land. It will benefit the world in general as well as herself if she will take such a course. She can thus live down the distrust, the enmity and the prejudice of the nations, and win their confidence and friendship—and in no other way.

If Germany's acquiescence in the situation proves sincere and lasting, there is promised to distracted Europe a long period of calm. Possibly it may mean, ultimately, the end of wars and rumors of wars on the continent. If the millions of now suspicious, restless and unfriendly human beings there get down again to useful and productive work, that part of the globe may prosper as never before. The reaction of the bettered conditions would be wonderfully beneficial to the United States also, for extended and profitable trade relations would necessarily grow up between those countries and ours. The prosperity of Europe would increase our prosperity, for she will always be, in proportion to her financial ability, a customer of this nation.

There is expectation at Washington that, with the clearing up of the situation, American trade with Germany, at least,

will soon show a great expansion. Already it has developed since the armistice to remarkable proportions. Before the war, the National City Bank of New York reports, we sold Germany about \$300,000,000 of merchandise a year, the record of \$352,000,000 having been made in 1913, while the total exports to Germany this year are running at the rate of over \$400,000,000. Germany is taking food-stuffs, cotton, copper and other materials for use in manufacturing, and will furnish us in 1921 with about \$100,000,000 worth of her own products, as against \$185,000,000 in 1913. The possibilities of future commerce between the two countries are beyond all present calculation.

The decision which Germany has made was discounted by the securities market and too much stress was laid upon it. Prices were lifted too far, and then followed a natural recession. Sober second-thought made it evident that the better things of the future would not come easily and swiftly. A great deal has to be done before the full benefit of Germany's action will materialize, but the significance of it was in nowise lessened by the temporary fall in values. It has cleared away one of the serious obstructions in the path of prosperity and made more likely the expected appreciation this year of meritorious corporation issues.

V. OAKLAND, CAL.: The Little Rock Gas & Fuel Co. is not a strong corporation. Its 6 per cent. bonds may be safe, but those of a more firmly established concern are preferable.

A. TOLEDO, OHIO: Municipal bonds issued by cities and towns having good credit are among the safest things in the market. They are all the more desirable for being tax-exempt. Discrimination should, of course, be used in the selection of such securities.

C. OREGON, N. Y.: Jewell Tea, Columbia Graphophone, and Fisk Rubber all had to suspend dividends on account of poor business, and their stocks are now in the speculative class. Better purchase stocks of companies that have maintained dividends and are likely to.

K. PERU, ILL.: The leather business has gone through a severe depression, but the outlook has improved. The 8 per cent. notes of the National Leather Co. are undoubtedly safe. The 7 per cent. notes of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Co. have a good rating. Other issues which you might consider for an investment of \$2,000 include Government of France 5's, U. S. Rubber 1st and ref. 5's, West Shore 4's, N. Y. C. Deb 6's, and International Mercantile Marine 6's.

F. TWO HARBORS, MINN.: Among fairly safe low-priced oil stocks are Elk Basin Petroleum, paying 50c a year; Merritt Oil, \$1; Middle States Oil, \$1.60; and Anglo-American about \$1.40. These are not devoid of the speculative quality. For an out-and-out speculation, long-pull but promising, the best seems to be Sinclair Consolidated. Of course, the high-spirited stocks, like Texas Company, the various Standard Oil issues, and Cities Service, are the best in this line.

M. WINCHESTER, PA.: St. Paul's financial condition is certainly worse than that of railroads still paying dividends. Besides the troubles which other railroads have had, St. Paul has been burdened by its Puget Sound extension which caused the expenditure of large sums on which no adequate return has been received. Eventually the extension should be a paying proposition. From time to time rumors have come of possible oil developments on or near St. Paul's properties, but nothing has so far come of this. If railroad wages are properly adjusted and business revives, St. Paul should begin to prosper again, for it has a splendid estate and an undoubted future. At present the stocks are in the speculative

class, and it cannot be foreseen when dividends will be resumed. Lately there was some recovery in both classes of St. Paul stock. The worst may be over in the railroad securities market. If that be so, the St. Paul issues should gradually advance. Of course, you could dispose of your holdings and invest in stocks that are producing dividends without paying out much, if any, more money. I would not advise purchase of B. & O. common at present, although it is now above the figure you quote. The preferred is a more excellent purchase, as it has been paying dividends regularly.

P. CHESTER, PA.: Pennsylvania Railroad stock slumped because of doubt regarding continuance of dividend. The directors cut the quarterly dividend to one per cent. putting the stock on a \$2 yearly basis. If this can be maintained the shares are a fair purchase. Philadelphia Company stock paying \$3 looks better.

R. CLINTON, IOWA: The Iowa Railway & Light Co. apparently quit paying dividends on common in 1919, but has paid on preferred regularly. The preferred looks like a fair purchase. The trust certificates guaranteed by the General American Tank Car Corporation seem reasonably safe. Standard Oil of New York 7% debts are gilt-edged.

W. MR. GILEAD, OHIO: Sinclair Consolidated has been firmer recently on an improved outlook. The company, properly managed, will have a great future and the stock is an excellent long pull. Couden has much merit. The shares are selling too high for present dividend, \$2.50, and on expectations. Middle States Oil looks like a good speculation. It is a dividend payer.

E. SOUTH BERKELEY, CALIF.: The General Petroleum Corp. 7 per cent. notes are a direct obligation of the company, and not secured by mortgage as would be the case with most bonds. The issues of this company are not listed, but it is possible that brokers could sell them for you at any time. The company is prosperous and is paying dividends on both classes of stock.

New York, May 28, 1921

Free Booklets for Investors

Scott & Stump, Stock Exchange Bldg., Philadelphia, and 40 Exchange Place, New York, are handling investment securities on the instalment plan and invite correspondence from all interested investors.

Sixsmith & Co., investment securities, 107 Liberty Street, New York, have issued an instructive folder showing the advantages of stock market operations over many other commercial activities, and will send copies of it on request for D-14.

A semi-monthly publication, "Securities Suggestions," which discusses leading financial topics may be obtained, together with a booklet descriptive of a desirable part payment plan, by applying for "U-1" to R. C. Megargel & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York.

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Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, who have given much attention to copper stocks recently, have prepared a special circular, LW-52, which will be sent gratis to any address. This circular is of special interest just now, when nearly everybody forecasts in the not distant future a substantial advance in prices of copper stocks. The circular will help investors to judge which of these stocks are most attractive.

The surest and easiest way to acquire a competence is to invest small sums in meritorious securities. A new free booklet, "Thrill—With a Smile," issued by H. M. Bylesby & Co., Inc., 208 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, and 111 Broadway, New York, tells how this sort of a plan can be carried out. The firm will also send circular I-16 showing how an annual return of 9 per cent. may be secured by purchasing 6 per cent. gold notes of the Standard Gas & Electric Co.

Various questions regarding the outlook for the copper industry, with a review of the entire copper situation, are covered in a specially prepared publication issued by E. M. Fuller & Co., members of the Consolidated Stock Exchange, 50 Broadway, New York. The circular deals with the present big surplus of the metal, the prospects of an increasing demand for it from Europe, and the proper time to purchase good copper stocks. To get the circular ask Fuller & Co. for LW-56.

Many purchasers have expressed satisfaction with their investment in 7 per cent. Miller Mortgage Bonds. The bonds are secured by property appraised considerably in excess of their face value. They come in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1,000, mature in two to fifteen years and may be had on partial payments. The excellent features of the bonds are described in an interesting booklet, "Creating Good Investments," obtainable from G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 111 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

A well-considered bulletin, "The Turning Point," analyzing business conditions and showing that security prices are about to return to normal, has been prepared by Spencer & Co., members of the Consolidated Stock Exchange, 50 Broad Street, New York. This worth-while pamphlet deals with American Hide & Leather, Montgomery Ward, Keystone Tire, Goodrich Tire, Kelly-Springfield Tire, and Wyllis-Overland, and should prove helpful to any investor who will read it. Apply for it to Spencer & Co.

The business world is indebted to Babson Institute for remarkably good service. The Institute, through years of research, has gathered fundamental information that every man must have who would achieve leadership in business. Heretofore this knowledge has been disclosed only in the classrooms of the Babson Institute resident school at a tuition cost of \$2,000 a year. Now an extension division of the Babson Institute has been developed and this training is available at a great reduction from original price. Business men will do well to send to the Institute for its book, "Training for Business Leadership," describing the courses given. Write to Extension Division, Dept. 2395, Babson Institute, Wellesley Hills, 82, Boston, Mass.

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"Free Booklets for Investors"

on this page you will find a descriptive list of booklets and circulars of information which will be of great value in arranging your investments to produce maximum yield with safety. A number of them are prepared especially for the smaller investor and the "beginner in investing."

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Silesia Another Fiume

(Concluded from page 588)

residents whose future is linked with its future.

It is Poland's second contention which her adherents are at the moment pressing with all their force. They argue that since the mining and industrial region in east and southeast Silesia split its vote closely between Poland and Germany, and since in a majority of the counties concerned Poland actually obtained a clear majority of the votes, the province ought to be split accordingly and this particular section transferred to Polish sovereignty. At the very least, they say, they ought to be allowed to have the counties where they obtained majorities, and to enforce this claim they have marched in and occupied the towns and countryside as far north and west as a line drawn approximately through Lubnitz and Ratibor.

THEY tell us that even without owning Silesia Germany would remain the richest coal state in Europe, having 230 billion tons as compared with a total of 218 billion tons for Britain, France and Belgium together, and that whereas Germany wants the Silesian coal largely for export purposes Poland must have it in order to enable her industries to exist.

The Fiume incident demonstrated one thing that the Silesian incident is proceeding to confirm, namely that the Versailles Treaty, contrary to popular belief, was not unduly long in the making. The complications attending the efforts to make some of its provisions work have not proved that the provisions themselves were wrong, but merely that the task was so vast and involved that it is remarkable mere men ever reached any agreement at Paris at all. The carefully nourished illusion that the making of the Treaty was the occasion for a protracted display of wrangling and spite on the part of a little group of selfish men is gradually breaking down before the accounts of the people who really were "in the know."

ANOTHER result of the Silesian voting has been to eliminate all basis for the German wail, that the plebiscite was invented by Germany's grasping enemies to rob her further of her just territories. The results in Silesia, like those in East and West Prussia, prove the contrary; they prove that the Allies set out to arrange territorial disputes with the Central Empires in a fair and just spirit. The Allies might have arbitrarily left these disputed territories from their Germanic owners. Instead they instituted plebiscites, all of which have resulted in Germany's favor.

Whether the Allies eventually determine that Silesia should go en bloc to Germany (Germany's submission on the reparations question has made this much more likely than it was a few weeks ago), or whether Poland is awarded a share in the mining districts, there can be little doubt that the original plan for holding a popular referendum was correct. The troubles that have been filling the papers are as much the inevitable result of attempting to bring about a compromise between two irreconcilable forces as of the delay and poor management which unquestionably have marked the Allies' execution of the original Treaty provisions.

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